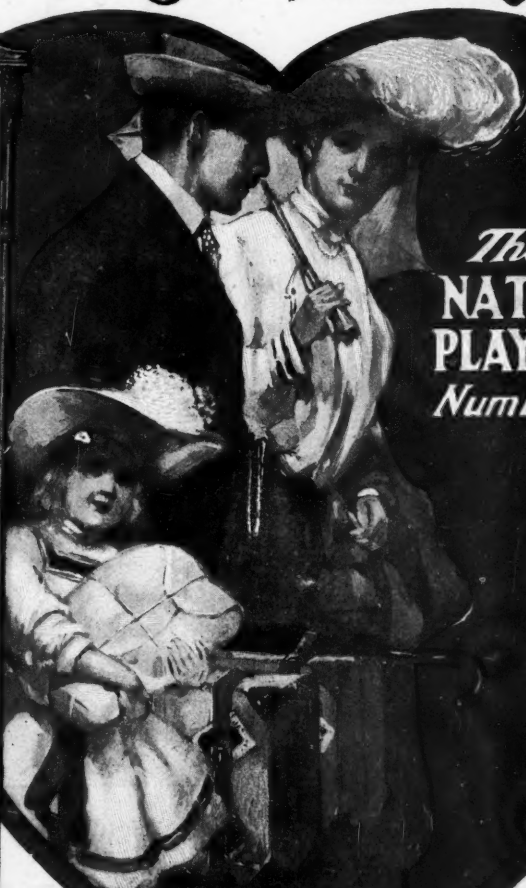
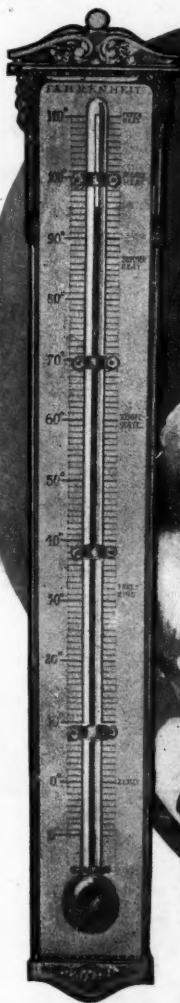


NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *Joe Mitchell Chapple*



The
**NATIONAL
PLAYGROUND**
Number

10¢

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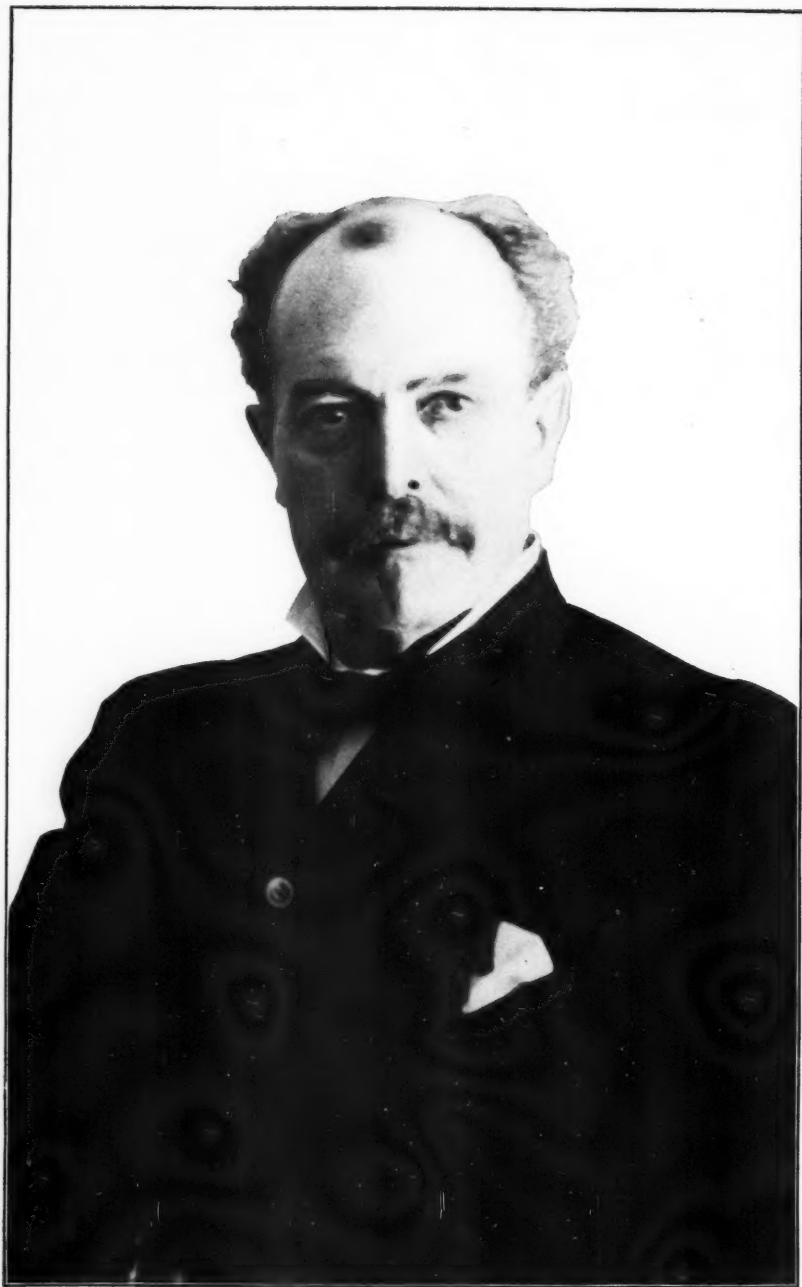


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Matchless Complexion
It is simply
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THE MAY-FLOWER GATHERERS
Photograph by Fred A. Elliott, Chenango Forks, New York



EDWARD F. DUNNE, ELECTED MAYOR OF CHICAGO WITH A MANDATE TO TAKE
OVER THE STREET RAILWAYS OF THE CITY AND OPERATE THEM FOR
THE PUBLIC INTEREST, SAYS HE WILL NOT PAY FOR
ANY WATER IN THEIR STOCKS

From a snapshot photograph made for Hearst's Boston American

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XXII.

MAY, 1905

No. 2



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

OFF for the playgrounds! This succinctly expresses the spirit of Washington for the month in which the National presents its Playground Number. It was an ideal morning when the president started westward in earnest and vigorous search for playgrounds where he can relax from the tension of public affairs.

And yet, as he waved his hand in adieu to Washington, from the rear plat-

form his face beaming with the expectancy of a playtime, he had not laid aside, even temporarily, his keen and urgent interest in the present principal factors of his task as head administrator and representative of the country. These factors are:

- 1.—The situation in Santo Domingo.
- 2.—The drift of trust investigation and the railroad situation.



SIR RIDER HAGGARD, THE ENGLISH AUTHOR (REAR SEAT), "SEEING WASHINGTON" WITH HIS DAUGHTER, AFTER A LUNCHEON AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Photograph copyright, 1905, by Clinedinst

- 3—Work of the Panama canal commission.
- 4—War situation in Manchuria and prospective peace.
- 5—Philippine, Porto Rican and Cuban affairs.
- 6—Searching for strong men to fill important positions.

The president, insisting upon his play-time, has reflected a most hopeful characteristic of the times. He has found his "\$100,000 man" in Mr. Shonts, and proposes to obtain results to match the salary on the canal commission. And one of the peculiar phases of his open search for the \$100,000 man revealed the fact that the big man creates and carries out his big projects when the general public thinks he is playing or enjoying his outing. The large purposes appear to possess a truer perspective when away from the gnatty as well as knotty details, with the camera set in a blaze of sunlight, fresh air and a broad field for potential purpose—even on a playground.

The word "play" implies activity and purpose, and it was on this suggestion by a senator that the word was used rather than "rest" or "recreation." Action and energy in the hours of playing add a potential force to the purposes that predominate in life.

So it's off to the playground, says the president, and the train followed the rails toward the Panhandle district of Texas.

THE senators have packed their portmanteaus containing the data in reference to work which they have laid out for themselves to do during the Summer, for much of the real work of a member of congress is done in the days of the long vacation. That is the time when the facts and information are collected regarding the measure in which each man is specially interested.

Now that the session is ended and

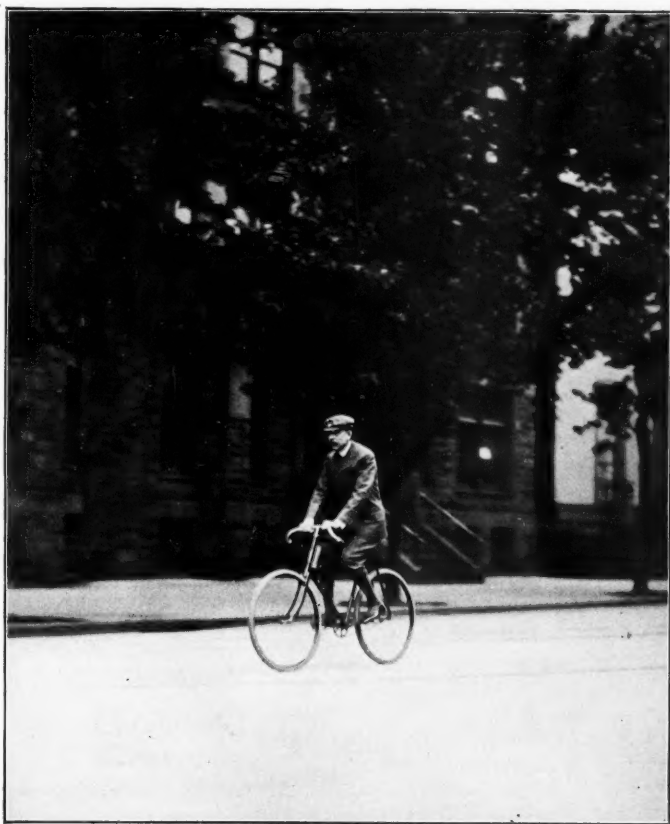
congress is released for the time, each man will go to his favorite resort, Senator Proctor of Vermont enjoying a ride behind that fine span of black horses among the Green mountains and incidentally guiding friends to favorite fishing ponds; Senator Frye, with his line tangled in a tree, trying to unravel an unruly reel; Secretary Wilson, on his stock farm in Iowa obtaining material for his world-wide horse book; Senator Bailey, giving assiduous attention to knotty points in constitutional law; Senator Allison, serene and contented in his library among the bluffs of Dubuque; Senator Tillman, in his South Carolina flower gardens; Senator Gamble, keeping posted on the condition of the wheat crop; Senator Lodge, listening to the surf at Nahant, and Senator Platt of Connecticut recuperating beneath the elms at Washington, Connecticut—in fact it might be broadly stated that the Summer playgrounds of America will include a representation from all the legislative forces of the nation—state as well as federal. And it is in this fact, indicating a close and personal relationship between the people and the legislators, that we have one of the most hopeful prospects for the correct solution of the problems of the times, as far as legislation is concerned.

THE one woman among a large course of distinguished men—Frances E. Willard in effigy in Statuary Hall at the Capitol, Washington—represents one of the noblest and most hopeful advances made by the human race during the nineteenth century. The Willard statue—which is the work, by the way, of another distinguished American woman, Mary Farnsworth Mears of Oshkosh, Wisconsin,—holds its own well in that great company constituting the Pantheon of the States, both for the life it memorizes and as a work of art. Illinois has honored herself greatly in

greatly honoring her famous daughter, the foremost leader in the war upon intoxicants in the generation last past.

Each of the states sends two statues

say, whose members remain through the rising and falling of reputations, the coming and going of celebrities. Some of these members of the Permanent Con-



BARON MONCHEUR, BELGIAN MINISTER, HUSBAND OF ONE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG AMERICAN AND FATHER OF ANOTHER, — THE LATTER AM-BASSADOR POWELL'S GRANDCHILD, — ENJOYS A BICYCLE SPIN DOWN WASHINGTON'S PERFECT PAVEMENTS

Photograph by Clinedinst

to this Hall. The Willard statue has a position between Senators Benton of Missouri and Hanson of Virginia. Just in behind Miss Willard stands George Washington, with a walking-stick, booted and spurred as for a vigorous ride. He is here as a son of Virginia — a member of that Permanent Congress, one might

gress might have difficulty, at this late day, in proving their right to stay here, as against the larger claims of later-born sons of their native states, but most of them, probably, if not unique in the degree that George Washington and the lady in front of him are, will enjoy long continuance of their present fame.



AMBASSADOR HENGERMÜLLER VON HENGERVAR, OF AUSTRIA, TAKES HIS FAMILY OUT FOR A WHIRL ON RUBBER TIRES, THE AMBASSADOR HIMSELF AT THE STEERING WHEEL

Photograph copyright, 1905, by Clinedinst

The Willard statue is of white marble brought from the quarries of Italy—a fitting emblem of that serene, high purity which Miss Willard ever and eloquently advocated and inspired. Carved in the pedestal is an extract from one of her own addresses:

“Ah! it is women who have given the costliest hostages to fortune. Out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved, with fearful odds against them. Oh, by the dangers they have dared; by the hours of patient watching over beds where helpless children lay; by the incense of 10,000 prayers wafted from their gentle lips to

heaven, I charge you give them power to protect along life's treacherous highway those whom they have so loved.”

I was unable to visit Statuary Hall until late in the evening, but even then there were crowds thronging around the Willard statue. The admiration and love given her by her countrymen were truly impressive.

About the base of the statue were faded tulips, reminders of the coming Spring, placed there by children earlier in the day. How eloquent were those tributes from the hands of the future men and women of America; for the whole purpose of all Frances Willard's

labors was purity in the home; her mothering of mothers, her sistering of sisters and her tender care for the daughters have left a permanent impress upon our social life. This aspect of her work seems to have been fully appreciated, as was apparent from the eloquent tributes paid her in the senate and house, where a whole day was devoted to the sincere and beautiful eulogies spoken by members who fully understood what Miss Willard's life meant to the homes of the nation, in added grace and happiness.

On the day of the dedication of the statue, the corridors of the Capitol were thronged with women wearing the little

white badges of the W. C. T. U. A man must be flinty indeed who would not reverence such a symbol. I noticed especially the women who had come to see the statue. They were not all young and beautiful. On many faces were the deep lines of care, and above the brow the hair was thickly sown with gray threads. Many had the worried air that told of a struggle with adverse circumstances, but in every face gleamed the determination to champion the right. I could imagine that some of those ladies came from homes where the bitterness of the drink curse had been tasted. No other argument makes such strong temperance



THE "WASHINGTON OBSERVATORY AUTOMOBILE," UNLIKE THE "SEEING WASHINGTON CAR," DOES NOT RUN ON TRACKS, HENCE VISITS MANY INTERESTING, OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES

Photograph by Clinedinst

advocates as this personal suffering does.

It seems certain that the "axe is laid to the root of the tree," and that the great curse of modern civilization and foe of humankind—the power of drink—will some day yield to the purifying force represented by the little bits of fluttering white ribbon, tied in the buttonhole of a woman's jacket. It may be remarked that the first step toward reform has been taken in banishing intoxicating liquors from the halls of the Capitol—a measure in which Miss Willard was profoundly interested. During the day it was quite apparent that there was no senator, congressman or public man of any official distinction who was not ready to join in the tribute which must have thrilled the hearts of that noble band of women workers. The state of Illinois has cause to be proud of this innovation, which is indeed a tribute to all womankind.

IN the lobby of the senate chamber and in whispered tones, that the dignity of the occasion might not be disturbed, Congressman Littlefield confided to me the one great dream of his congressional career, which is to provide suitable accommodation for the great law library which the United States possesses. There is to be a building erected at a cost of six or seven million dollars, which, after all, is but the price of one battleship, and is not too much to pay for an edifice that will probably become the rendezvous of the lawyers of the nation. The management of the law library at the present time does not even provide, for a chief justice or for a lawyer visiting the library, a place to lay aside his hat and coat. This meagre arrangement is certainly not in keeping with the generous provision made by the government for other departments of similar importance.

The present handsome congressional

library was the dream of congressmen for many years, and has proved one of the best investments that Uncle Sam has ever made. It is the pride of the nation. It may require some years to consummate this plan of Congressman Littlefield's, but the deep interest of such men in the undertaking presages its completion.

SEATED at a plain desk, with a wall map of the world before him, Secretary Victor Metcalf of the department of commerce and labor is engaged in most interesting work in connection with the government of America. The people little understand the vital purpose of this department. It might be called the business department of the nation, for its specific purpose is to exploit American goods in all the world and build up the bulwarks of the nation's commerce and labor. The department is composed of twelve bureaus, one being the bureau of corporations, which has come into such prominence of late as to suggest that the department of labor and commerce is more an investigating institution than anything else. Nothing, however, is farther from the fact. The purpose of this department is to encourage and build up industrial revenues, and the tearing down of institutions by specious investigations is no part of its plan.

The bureau of corporations exists for the purpose of guarding, as far as possible, the rights of the people from the rapacity of corporations.

Although this department includes many bureaus that have been established for years, it is to a large extent an innovation in governmental machinery—it might be called the Chamber of Commerce of the Nation.

The furnishings of the department of commerce and labor are severe in their business-like simplicity, and room 507, occupied by the secretary, has nothing more in the way of wall decoration than



EFFIGY OF FRANCES E. WILLARD IN STATUARY HALL, THE NATIONAL CAPITOL

a very prominent calendar and the map. This world map is threaded with cable lines in all directions, and the secretary is enthusiastic in the work of keeping in close touch with possibilities for American trade in other parts of the globe. An enormous table, plenty of pens and a good supply of ink complete the equipment. I know that every manufacturer in the country will be pleased to learn that Secretary Metcalf invites and desires correspondence in regard to trade, and is always ready to give to the inquirer any information desired. The details of export trade are thoroughly covered and conditions personally investigated. During the Summer he will have a large number of agents in various parts of the world looking for data in reference to South American trade, which he has set his heart upon exploiting. The completion of the Panama canal, the secretary believes, will revolutionize trade conditions along the western coast of South America, and the preliminary work is already being done for getting into closer touch with this hitherto practically "unknown country" in our commercial annals.

During the past month the secretary has spoken at a number of meetings of various departments and of the chambers of commerce throughout the country, and it is evident he intends to keep in close touch with the labor interests. His years of experience as a successful businessman have qualified him for this work, and the department, organized on business principles, administered in a businesslike way, will do work important and far-reaching in its results. The whole purpose of all its investigations is to get the facts, and only the facts, without pandering to prejudice or the passions of disappointed adventurers. As a nation, the United States necessarily is in tune with the business spirit of the age, and it is safe to prophecy that the coming four years will see the greatest advances in the exports and

manufactures of this country that has ever been witnessed. At least this was the impression I brought away from a chat with Secretary Metcalf.



AN interesting situation was revealed in the days following the inauguration, when diplomatic and consular appointments were sent to the senate. This budget represented the golden plums of the administration, as it was recognized that the president was particularly concerned in having our best men carry on the international policies of the administration, especially in respect to foreign commerce. The well defined purpose of promotion for good service was carried out in spite of the fact that it interfered with his personal wishes. I happen to know personally of one instance in which he desired to appoint a young man to a prominent post in Europe. On looking over the list, he discovered he had nothing for his friend whom he desired to have enter the service. Consequently, without the knowledge of his friend, he appointed him to an important and remunerative post in Cuba, which was essential to the building up of our trade interests with the new republic.

It is Robert J. Thompson of Chicago who has the unusual distinction of declining a lucrative post after being thus appointed and confirmed by the senate. He felt that it was not a field in which his endeavors would reach best results. Mr. Thompson collected and compiled, during the last campaign, excerpts from the writings and addresses of Theodore Roosevelt on almost every known subject, making it a veritable encyclopedia of modern thought. The work was highly appreciated and very effectively was made the slogan of the campaign and the keynote of the administration — "A Square Deal for Every Man." Printed in book form, these selections have become very popular. The matter was



SENATOR E. W. CARMACK OF TENNESSEE.—DISTINGUISHED ALIKE AS
AN EDITOR AND AN ORATOR, MR. CARMACK IS ONE OF
THE LEADING SPIRITS IN THE DEMOCRATIC
COUNCILS OF THE NATION

Photograph by Clinedinst

printed in the October National Magazine of 1904, and we are informed by many readers it occupies an honored place among their valued political documents.

FEW young men have had a more brilliant career in official life than Robert B. Armstrong, who has recently resigned his post as first assistant to the secretary of the treasury to accept the

of his abilities, which soon came under the observation of prominent businessmen.

It is often remarked in business circles that twenty-five-thousand and ten-thousand-dollar men are more difficult to find than ten-dollar men, and while the qualifications demanded of first class men do not seem to be anything extraordinary, yet when the real test comes it does not often require the lapse of



A SENATOR IN A HURRY—MR. SCOTT OF WEST VIRGINIA
DOING SIX MILES AN HOUR ON A BRISK
MARCH MORNING

Photograph by Clinedinst

presidency of the Casualty Company of America.

Mr. Armstrong is a splendid type of the young man who goes into business or public life with eyes and ears wide open and energies in full play. He had a strong grasp on public affairs and never looked upon his office as a resting place. His activities were the test

a year to prove that a twenty-five-thousand-dollar man has earned for his corporation, or saved for it, something like fifty thousand dollars, so that to employ him is actual economy. A concern is always benefitted by getting into it a vigorous element. It is important to have keen eyes in the watch tower of business.

The Casualty Company of America should certainly be congratulated on securing such a man as Mr. Armstrong as head of their institution, for it can

Iowa and entered early upon a newspaper career, with a special bent in the direction of finance. Genial, optimistic, firm, self-reliant, Robert B. Armstrong



MRS. TAFT, THE BRILLIANT WIFE OF THE WAR SECRETARY

Photograph by Olinedinat

be relied upon that he will bring to his present position the same unflagging energy, clear foresight and strong individuality that have marked his career up to the present time. He was born in

is certainly a young man of whom America may well be proud.

DURING the closing days of the extra session of the senate, I found it en-

tertaining to look over the senate calendar. This resembles a checker-board and is about the same size. As the senators stand side by side studying the calendar, pointing a finger first to one square and then to another, one gets the idea that the members of the government are indulging in some kind of game, "during school hours," so to speak.

The numbers on this calendar are as carefully calculated as those upon a sun dial. This notation offers visible proof of the fact that the senate has of recent years apparently outgrown its original purpose as a reviser rather than an originator of financial legislation. When an appropriation bill comes to the senate now, it is sent back to the house with a rider which is of itself new legislation, and consequently compels the house to take up a matter which it may have held in

abeyance for months previous. There has not been so much chafing as might have been expected on account of this action by the senate, under the speakership of Uncle Joe Cannon. Each new congressman is impressed with the fact that the great thing is to know how to keep a bill before the house. It is noticeable that a large amount of the most important industrial legislation comes from the senate instead of originating in the house, as seems to have been primarily planned by the constructors of our government.

✻

EVER since I have been going to Washington, the Hotel St. James has been my home. Never can I forget that first visit. It was raining and the wet asphalt pavements reflected the glittering lights of the avenue. There was a general sense of loneliness as I



A GLIMPSE OF THE DECORATIONS OF THE ST. JAMES HOTEL, WASHINGTON, ON INAUGURATION DAY

drifted into the hotel, but once inside a feeling of home welcome came over me as I was greeted by the manager, Mr. H. T. Wheeler. Brass bands and badged reception committee could not have done more for me than he did, and by the time I had reached the seclusion of my own room and was writing a letter home, my spirits had quite revived.

The St. James has been the home of many congressmen, and has also been a popular rendezvous for marching men and tourists. The proprietor, Mr. Levi Woodbury, a New Hampshire man, has given the hotel the atmosphere of a New England home where each guest feels sure of his welcome.

The St. James was the center of busy doings during the inauguration, as it is located near the Pennsylvania depot. The hotel was handsomely decorated. Despite the rush, there never was an uncomfortable moment for the guests, who felt that great credit was due to Mr. Woodbury and the hotel management for so ably handling matters.

Mr. Woodbury has long been a prominent and pushing citizen of the capital city. It was his energy and enterprise that made possible the splendid Norfolk & Washington Steamship Line, which furnishes a service as exact as that of the best railroads. Not a single trip was missed during the past severe Winter, when the river was practically closed and even the Baltimore lines had to suspend. Instead of waiting for congressional appropriation to break the ice, General Manager Callahan just went ahead and did some "breaking" on his own hook.

Mr. Woodbury has a Summer home near Haverhill, Massachusetts, and enjoys there the scenes of his youth. A man who believes in "doing things" himself, he is always ready to help others to achieve, and somehow, when staying in the hotel I always feel the importance of having a good talk with



REPRESENTATIVE JAMES HAY OF VIRGINIA, AN ABLE LAWYER AND A SHREWD ORGANIZER OF POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS

Photograph by Clinedinst

Mr. Woodbury before I proceed to fill the back of hotel paper with "Affairs at Washington."

IF there is any one man who commands the admiration of the lawyers throughout the country, it is Senator Knox. It is safe to say that the senators from the great state of Pennsylvania are about the busiest men in Washington,

looking after the interests of their constituents, who are so near at hand that they do not wait to make their wants known through the medium of the written page, but come in person. It is doubtful whether the visitors realize the hours and hours of time given to their service by their representatives, who go from one department to another to look up matters of interest to their constituents.

I ventured to suggest to Senator Knox that the moving impulse of legislation in our times is an expression of human sympathy, so splendidly exemplified in the McKinley administration. This same influence may even be seen in the management of those economic questions which mark the progress of national legislation. In the last analysis the first fruit of national effort is the crystallization of human sympathy, though this may be ossified in the time of prosperity and needs "hard times" to mellow it to full perfection. I felt that it was a victory for my pet theory on heart power to gain even a passing assent from the distinguished ex-attorney-general. While he agreed to the truth of the personal proposition, he looked at me with a quizzical smile ere he bade goodbye, and said:

"I hardly think it would work in a question of law, but in the initiative impulse of making of laws—that is another matter. In looking up points of law, determining the value of words and other similar details, sentiment might not have the place it would in the enactment of law looking toward the betterment of the nation, in its largest and best sense. The initiative force of all such movements is undoubtedly either sympathy or revenge, but sad to say the latter is oftener used, to enforce law and mete out punishment rather than justice."

I SUPPOSE that at some time nearly every one of us has read "Lucile." It has usually been studied in those

dear, tender days when the "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." I stood the other day before the house in which Owen Meredith wrote this poem, and made up my mind that I would at once claim the book as American literature. It is a four-story house, with unpretentious gable and flight of plain stone steps leading up to the door. In a room on the third floor "Lucile" was written.

A romance is connected with the writing of "Lucile." It is said that at the period when this was written Owen Meredith had come to America because of a disappointment in love, and here in this plain, old house in Washington he poured forth the sorrows of his heart in verse.

Senator Depew's house stands near by; and was the home of Daniel Webster. every time I pass by it seems as though I could hear the thundering rhetoric of Webster as he replied to Calhoun. In this same locality is the house where Dolly Madison lived, now the Cosmos Club. All around Lafayette Square the houses boast a closer touch with national history than any other region can show.

WHEN you have just been listening to an outburst of pessimism or a wail of discouragement, it is cheering to get into the congressional library and rummage through the papers and old documents of years gone by. We must have patience with that class of people who will insist upon taking a bilious view of the present and a discouraging glimpse into the future. We may, however, be pardoned for recalling what good Ben Franklin said of the outlook in Philadelphia a century ago:

"There are croakers in every country, boding its ruin. Such an one lived in Philadelphia who said the city was a sinking place, the people bankrupt, the talk of new buildings and high prosperity for the most part fallacious. At



CIPRIANO CASTRO, THE SCRAPPY LITTLE PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA, AND MR. BOWEN, THE BIG MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES AT CARACAS, PHOTOGRAPHED IN PRESIDENT CASTRO'S GARDEN BEFORE THEY FELL AFOUL OF EACH OTHER THE OTHER DAY

Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly: copyrighted, 1905, by Judge Company

last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for a house as he might have bought it for when he began croaking."

Sound old philosopher! How appropriate his words are to the present day!

✽

IN the pouring rain and under an umbrella, standing not far from the Capi-

When I heard Congressman Howard modestly tell about his district and his constituents and listened to his keen analysis of various great problems now concerning the country, I felt assured that Georgia has reason to be proud of her representative.

During the Summer of this year Mr. Howard proposes to continue an unique educative campaign through-

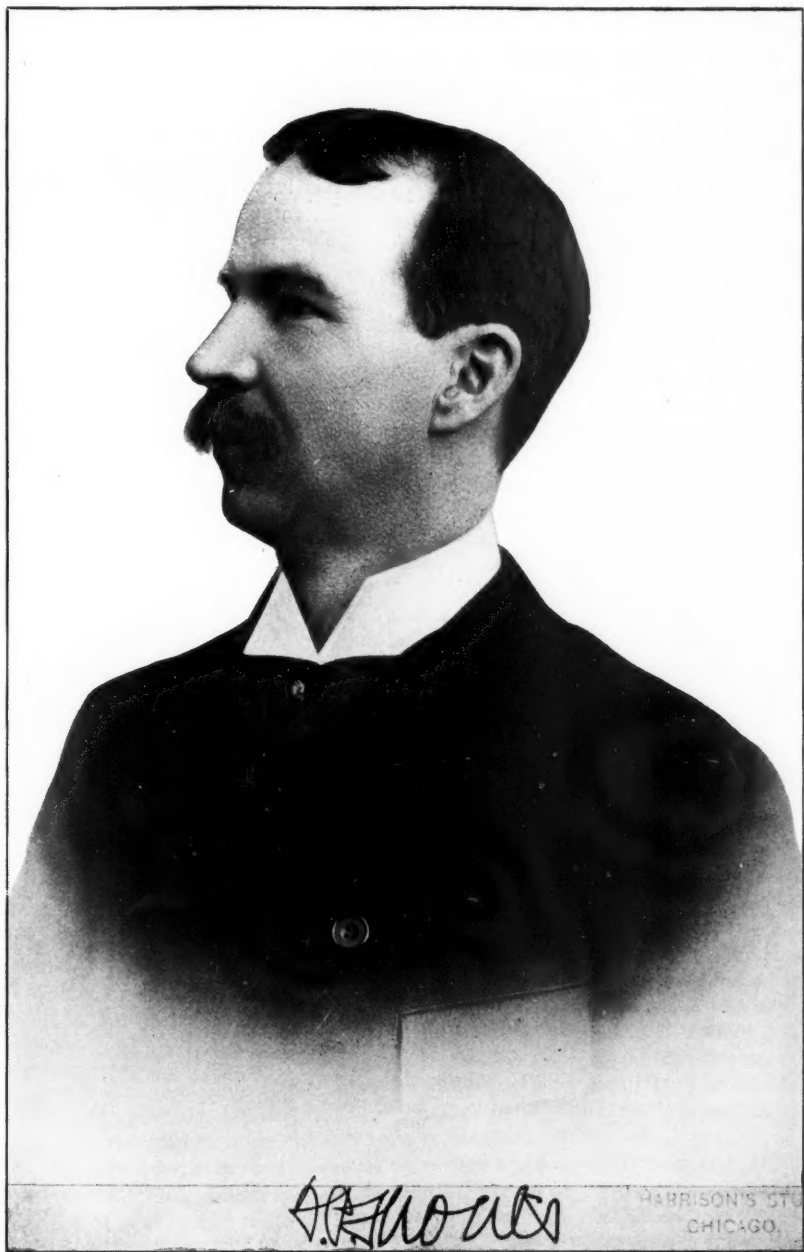


REPRESENTATIVE C. F. COCHRAN OF MISSOURI, OUT FOR A STROLL AND A SMOKE, PAUSES TO OBLIGE THE CAMERA ARTIST

Photograph by Clinedinst

tol, I think I had one of the most interesting chats I ever enjoyed in Washington with Representative Howard, of Athens, Georgia. The more I come into contact with members of congress, the more I am impressed with the idea that the nation has reason to be proud of its representation in Washington.

out his district which, by the way, is almost solidly democratic. He wishes to explain to his constituents the great questions now before the nation. I was amazed—and delighted—to hear his tribute to President Roosevelt, "as the South has come to know him." It was indeed a word of praise



THEODORE P. SHONTS, EXECUTIVE HEAD AND DIRECT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE
PRESIDENT IN THE REORGANIZED PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION, IS A STURDY
AND STEADY-HEADED YOUNG WESTERN RAILROAD PRESIDENT WHO
PROMISES TO GET THE JOB DONE WITHOUT PALTERING

From an autographed portrait owned by the Chicago Record-Herald

worthily bestowed upon the son of a Georgia mother.

I SHALL never forget the last time I saw Senator Bate of Tennessee. It was shortly before the inauguration and he was standing in the corridor waiting for a carriage. One of his legs had been maimed, and somehow on this occasion the conversation drifted toward how he was hurt during the Civil war. It seems he had an important command for the Confederacy, and was right in line for rapid promotion when he was wounded and taken to the hospital.

The surgeon looked at him and shook his head. "This leg must go," he said.

"It will not go," insisted the doughty colonel, "I am determined to save that leg."

"But it will imperil your life."

"My life has been imperilled before and may be again," said the wounded man, and he pulled a pistol out of his hip pocket, saying: "If you attempt to amputate that leg I will shoot you."

The leg was saved and the distinguished warrior from Tennessee lived to fill out a career of honor and distinction for his state as well as his nation.

AT the aftermath session of the senate, there was a lull in the work. It was a rainy day and I found Senator Allison buried in a mass of papers in his office in the appropriations committee room.

"There is always work in the attic for rainy days."

It seemed impossible to believe that the active, busy man poring over those

documents had given unremitting service in congress for over forty years. He has been elected to six successive terms in the senate and has served there longer than any other member.

His brown eyes still sparkle with a quiet enthusiasm. When one stops to think of the long years of active service on this one important committee, it is difficult to mete out the praise justly due. In what an array of important episodes of national history he has played his part!

Quiet, careful, always safe and reticent, no senator stands higher in the councils of the nation than William Boyd Allison. In that little room off the appropriations committee, with a roll-top desk at his right and a spacious table before him, the senator keeps his finger faithfully on Uncle Sam's purse-strings, fighting valiantly the onslaught of appropriations now approximating a billion where it was only millions when he first entered the service.

Senator Allison's private secretary, Mr. Dawson, has been elected a representative from Iowa, and leaves the senator's training school, which has meant so much to many young men in the public service.

On that rainy day there was a reminiscent twinkle in his eye as he remarked that the young men of today must make ready to meet and shoulder the problems that are coming up. "The world is not altogether so wrong as it would seem at times. Senators come and go, but the sane, conservative common sense of the people will prevail every time."

OUT IN THE COUNTRY

By Cora A. Matson Dolson

A LITTLE fresh-air girl, whose feet
Had known but alley ways;
Came to a field where buttercups
Bloomed in a golden maze.

"Oh see!" she cried; while to her eyes
A look of wonder rose:—
"I did not know that I should find
The place where sunshine grows!"

WOMAN IN OFFICE

By KATE GANNETT WELLS

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

MARVELOUS is the quickness and ease with which women have become leaders in organization. Granges, clubs, federations, national and international, philanthropic causes, collegiate honors have each led her onward until she stands in comic variance with the early type of the devout, obedient wife, whose love-letters were bestrewn with Biblical texts.

Even the way in which a woman in her tailor-made dress wields the gavel today with a quick, short rap, and takes account of her committee as a captain of industry reviews his employes, differs from the apologetic tone and manner with which women began to preside forty years ago. Then, as they realized more and more their talents for organization, the supply of presidents and chairmen increased, the minor varieties of the official woman extending unawares from the sinuous committee woman to the honest "hustlers" whose obituaries should include the list of offices they have filled.

Parliamentary manuals in many households are now companions to the Bible and the cook-book, and, like directions for bridge whist, are carried in one's trunk on vacation trips. The manuals have indeed taught us to speak in turn rather than to interrupt, but also are they making adepts at meetings in a specious kind of politeness, dubbed parliamentary, which is very different from the graceful appreciation of another's rights. Unfortunately, under the sway of parliamentary ruling, one cannot always be sure that the last word is spoken, as reconsideration is ever in order and matters can be taken up when opponents are absent.

Yet the official woman is not necessarily either a boss or a laborer for personal ends. She thinks she wants her

way solely for the good of all; or, if she forces a contest for office, she yet is careful that the nominating committee be appointed according to bye-laws, however much its personnel may be manipulated. But she has never given nor accepted a personal bribe and she never will. She is honest as woman, though diplomatic as an official.

Her favorite subject is the new, complex, indefinite science called social economics, on which she converses with sprightly ease, shining in the full glory of her investiture. Theories, tentatively uttered as if on a search for truth, statistics emphatically given, as if conclusive, bestrew her speech. In the very terms, Sociological, she finds justification for her peripatetic spirit of self-sacrifice, for being perpetually "on the go" in behalf of public interests.

She also has an uncanny knack at investigating, and makes herself into a permanent bureau of inquiry. In her honest zeal she propounds such personal questions that "mealers" and "roomers" alike rebel at the printed columns furnished them, on which they are asked to return data about themselves. It is hard to be poor, but it is harder to be investigated in the name of social science. No wonder that purposely misleading replies are often returned, just as school children, with delightful malice, frequently declare that the real contents of their minds are the exact opposite of their tabulated statements handed in to the investigating school psychologist.

Social studies when "scientifically" conducted are as apt to set people apart as to bring them together, and spontaneous sympathy gets atrophied under the formal process. Insistence even upon good neighborhood conditions may make a delinquent more contrariwise, as she

objects, saying: "I don't want to be considered a type; I don't want my household expenses tabulated, reported upon and placed on file or in a public library, where anyone can guess it is I who is written about!" "Why can't people go ahead, and help one another without getting statistical!" exclaims another much be-questioned individual. And a third victim upon whom household statistics had been tried without avail, asked her inquirer if she knew that Saint Peter had said to the last New Woman who had applied for admission to heavenly circles—"I had rather you would not come, for you are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the universe." The "lady" was shocked at the "woman's" impudence.

Oh, if we could just help one another as dear, old-fashioned people do, and not make our social investigations a kind of "laboratory" work in so-called scientific philanthropy! If we could just be friendly without looking upon ourselves as social economic experimenters!—there would not be so many lines of social and residential demarcation. It would often seem as if to be one's own best self was enough of a task

or vocation without scheduling one's inquiries.

At least might it not be well to have reports printed, for the sake of lessening their number, as editions de luxe, obtainable only by a few and tabooed by public libraries. Then those who do not live as we do and act as we do would not find themselves classified in numbered sociological sections with subdivisions. There is a Danish proverb we should do well to heed—"Do not sail out farther than you can row back." Has the official investigating woman gone so far that she always must be sheathed in a kind of presidential dignity instead of giving out a homespun cordiality that warms another's heart?

Said a newspaper reporter of a well-known woman: "She does equally well as cook or as president." If meant as a snub it yet was praise, for most women are proud to be both, and give so much attention to their children, that one of them in reciting her Bible history lesson stated—"When Moses' mother laid him in the ark among the bulwarks she did not forget to give the baby its bottle." The child never would have so answered if its mother had been in the habit of neglecting her baby for the club.

TWO WOMEN

By VIRGINIA NORWOOD WATKINS

PERRYSBURG, OHIO

ONE goes her way with brow and lips like pure, white, carved stone.
Her heart bereft, no plaint is hers, nor tears, nor stifled moan;
And many grieve that one so fair should live a life so lone.

One goes her way and laughter rings the knell of cold despair.
With courage up she nerves her heart to fight, and do, and dare:—
None hears but God in dead of night her agonies of prayer.

AMERICA'S MEDAL OF HONOR

OUR HIGHEST BADGE OF HONOR FOR HEROIC SERVICE IN
ARMY AND NAVY, WITH LITTLE STORIES SHOWING
HOW IT WAS WON BY SOME OF THE 2,569 MEN
WHO STILL WEAR IT

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD

CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



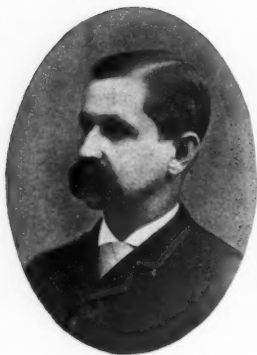
GENERAL W. W. BLACKMAR
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THE G. A. R.

JUST as the sovereign of England confers the Victoria Cross, and Germany the Iron Cross, as the highest reward for gallantry in military and naval life, so the United States of America has honored her bravest with Medals of Honor. The recipients of such distinction in other countries are well known; but here, when it is mentioned in the course of a biographical notice that the individual in question received a Medal of Honor, the world at large is quite in ignorance of what is meant. Yet that act of congress which authorized the president in July, 1862, to confer this reward upon those who had merited it restricted his selection of recipients within lines more severely drawn than in any other military or naval order, inasmuch as the act applied originally "to

such non-commissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action and other soldier-like qualities during the present insurrection." About a year later, however, the act was made to apply to officers as well as to the other two classes of men, to include future action as well as past, and service outside the Civil War, as well as during that conflict. Thus medals may be won even today for voluntary acts of bravery on sea and on land by sailors and soldiers of every grade. None the less almost all the men considered in this article won their medals during the Civil War, and in the army rather than the navy.

The Congressional Medal of Honor is in every case a permanent and substantial reward. Borne upon the breast it stamps the wearer as one whose brave deeds have received national recognition. The men who have won these trophies will transmit them with pride to their descendants as eloquent testimonies of gallant and soldierly conduct.

Eminently fitting is it that the first brave soldier on our list should be General Wilmon W. Blackmar, national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. General Blackmar's war record is so well known that we need give it here only a hasty glance. A trooper of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania, and a lieutenant of the First West Virginia Cavalry, he served both in the Eastern and Western armies. Twenty-two actions, including Antietam, Stone River, Chicamauga, Wauhatchie, Chattanooga, the Shenandoah Valley cam-



CHARLES D. COPP



HENRY W. ROWE



SAMUEL C. WRIGHT

paign of 1864, and the final fighting from Dinwiddie Court House to Appotomattox found him at the front. But it was on the field of Five Forks that young Blackmar was promoted to a captaincy by General Custer for conspicuous bravery which was subsequently further recognized by a Medal of Honor.

A quotation from the statement of General Capehart, who at that time commanded one of General Custer's brigades in Sheridan's cavalry, reads:

"Lieutenant W. W. Blackmar, who was transferred from the cavalry in the Southwest and commissioned in the First West Virginia Cavalry, and is now on Capehart's staff, was promoted by Custer on the field of Five Forks for brilliant personal daring; during the entire engagement he rode in the front ranks in the thickest of the fight, and was without a superior for ability."

At the time, young Blackmar did not know that Custer had his eye on him, and, without orders, he formed a line and led it over a ditch to the Confederate side. Imagine, therefore, his joy and surprise when a heavy hand was laid on his back and he heard Custer say: "That's right, Lieutenant." If the charge had been unsuccessful, the chances are that he would have been court-martialed instead of praised.

One of the members of General Blackmar's staff in the G. A. R. is Captain

Samuel C. Wright, now of the Boston Custom House, a brave man who won the medal for gallantry at Antietam, Maryland, September 17, 1862, he being at the time sergeant of Company E, Twenty-Ninth Massachusetts. Told in Captain Wright's own simple, rugged style, the story is as follows:

"The second army corps under Major-General Edwin V. Sumner, which held the center of the line of battle, was ordered to cross Antietam Creek and engage the enemy. A few yards in front of the Confederate line was the famous "sunken road" or "bloody lane" filled with Confederate sharpshooters. Near the lane, towards the Union line, was a high fence. To carry out a successful charge, it was necessary to remove the fence. Otherwise the slaughter that would come from a halt within a few rods of the Confederate main line of battle must be fearful.

"The situation could not be seen until the Creek had been forded and the woods passed through. Then the line halted and request was made for volunteers to advance and remove the fence. Seventy-six men from the line came forward. As given officially seventy were killed and mortally wounded. Six escaped, but of the six, five were wounded. Just as I reached my regiment on returning after the removal of the fence, I was shot in both legs. The successful advance, I need scarcely add, was made." Captain Wright's letter from the department of war at Washington states that he received the Medal "For advancing far beyond the

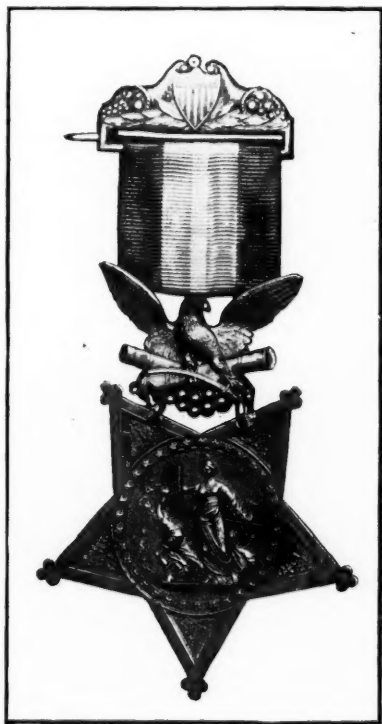
Federal lines and assisting in the removal of a fence that would have impeded a contemplated charge."

This doughty warrior was five times wounded in action, three times reported dead, and twice promoted on the field. Few of those who today possess the precious medal have more distinctly earned it.

Colonel Charles A. Clark, by his resourcefulness during the retreat across the Rapahannock on the night of May 4, 1863, saved his regiment from capture or annihilation at Brook's Ford. Colonel Clark's career previous to this event is of interest in that it shows how admirably the typical New England training of his day fitted a youth for gallant service when the time for the same arrived. Born at Sangerville, Maine,

January 26, 1841, he was educated in the common schools of the place and attended three terms at Foxcroft academy, after which he studied Latin and Greek under a private tutor. From his fifteenth year until 1861 (when he enlisted as a private in Company A, Sixth Maine Infantry), young Clark was a teacher "boarding around," as did all trainers of the young idea in those days. Once in the army, he rose rapidly, until he had become adjutant, and it was in this capacity that he won his medal. The story as he tells it himself is most interesting:

"General Sedgwick was withdrawing his



THE OLD MEDAL OF HONOR



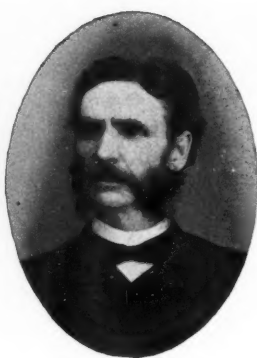
THE NEW MEDAL OF HONOR



FRANK M. WHITMAN



T. S. PECK



SAMUEL E. PINGREE

troops across the Rapanhannock, and my men had been ordered to protect a single pontoon. Our position was an important one on a bluff at the extreme right. We had orders to stay where we were as long as possible, and then, if cut off from the remainder of the corps, to endeavor to make our way to the bridge. We all understood this to imply a desperate enterprise. And the outcome proved that we were not mistaken. I had finally to take the responsibility of leading the remainder of my band over a bluff with a sheer descent of fifty to sixty feet. When part way down, my horse lost his footing, and I found myself falling with him through the air. I caught in the branches of a tree as we descended, slid down its trunk, and made my way on foot to the base of the bluff to join the other men of the regiment, whom I had cautioned to keep perfect silence and not to rattle their canteens or accoutrements.

"I expected to find a horse with a broken neck awaiting me, but there was old Jim quite safe and ready for faithful service though apparently a good deal dazed and confused as well as strained and sore from his fall. The men came on over the bluff helter skelter, but as silently as possible. Directly over our heads and a few rods down the river towards the bridge we saw the Confederate force, into which one of our men had been betrayed by a Confederate officer he himself had taken prisoner. These rebels were waiting to assault us and ensure our capture. Fortunately we were in deep shadow as we passed under the bluff along

the water's edge. But when we came to the place directly under the enemy (who were on the heights) some of our men became noisy. Then the Confederates promptly advanced upon our now abandoned position. In the uproar which ensued we passed safely down the river and made our way in perfect order to our pontoon bridge.

"In the moonlight masses of troops were to be seen as we approached, and for some time it was impossible to tell whether they were Confederate or Union forces. Even if they were of our own side, they might open fire upon us, taking us for the enemy if we advanced without warning. It was a great relief, you may be sure, to find blue uniforms and the stars and stripes as we rode forward to give word that the Sixth Maine Infantry was coming in. When I found Colonel Burnham and told him that the old regiment had come in all right, after it was supposed that every man of us had been either captured or disabled in battle, he cried like a child. Then we all passed over the bridge with the rear guard, getting across just in time in time as it proved, for as we made our way forward the enemy opened fire with the battery from the bluffs above us. But not having the range accurately, the shelling did no harm, and the Sixth Corps reached the left bank of the Rapahannock intact."

Colonel Clark is now a distinguished lawyer at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and a successful practitioner in the supreme court of the United States. His medal was conferred upon him for "having

voluntarily taken command of his regiment at Brooks Ford, Virginia, in the absence of his commander, and with remarkable presence of mind and fertility of resource, led the command down an exceedingly precipitous embankment to the Rapahannock river, and by his gallantry, coolness and good judgment in the face of the enemy saved the command from capture and destruction."

Former Governor Samuel E. Pingree of Vermont has the Medal of Honor for gallantry at Lee's Mills, Virginia, April 16, 1862, when he bravely led his company (F of the Third Vermont Infantry) across a wide, deep creek, drove the enemy from the rifle pits, which were within two yards of the farther bank, and remained at the head of his men until the second time severely wounded.

Erastus W. Jewett, first lieutenant of Company A, Ninth Vermont Infantry, "by long and persistent resistance and the burning of bridges, kept a superior force of the enemy at a distance and thus covered the retreat of the garrison from Nempot Barracks, North Carolina, February 2, 1864." Concerned in the same affair was Theodore S. Peck, now of Burlington, Vermont, a very well known Medal of Honor man.

One of the most terrific battles of the

whole war was that at Cold Harbor. It was in this encounter that Orlando P. Boss of Fitchburg won his medal. The story is thus told by the regimental historian:

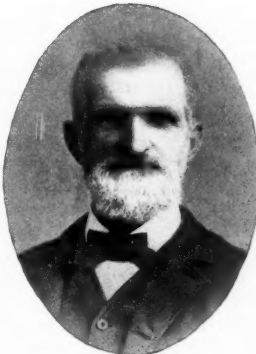
"When the brigade was repulsed after the terrific charge of that day, it fell back to a line of earthworks about one hundred yards from the enemy's position. Lying on the ground fifteen yards in front of this was discovered Lieutenant Daley, of our Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, mortally wounded.

"Corporal Boss and Privates Aldrich and Battles were in a rifle pit about halfway between the lines and could hear the sufferer begging for water; so, regardless of the terrific hail of bullets, Boss crawled out of his hole, approached the wounded man until it was possible to throw him a canteen well filled, and then, without anything to assuage his own thirst, went back to find Aldrich wounded.

"To remain longer in the rifle pit would be almost certain death. Boss, therefore, resolved to make an attempt to get over the breastwork although many had already been killed in trying the same thing. To leave his unfortunate companion behind did not once enter his mind. Yet poor Aldrich was so weak from loss of blood that he could not have walked a dozen paces. To cross unencumbered in front of the three Confederate lines of battle would have been desperate enough, but Boss quietly proposed to take



CHARLES A. CLARK



ROBERT NIVEN



JOSEPH S. G. SWEATT

Aldrich on his back and so stagger through the deadly shower of missiles!

"It seems little short of a miracle that a man so loaded down, and forced, because of his burden, to walk upright, could have passed alive through the intervening space. But it was done, and the hero today gives his account of the perilous journey in these simple words: 'I took him on my back and carried him from the field in safety.'"

Once inside the Federal lines, Boss determined to make an effort to save his wounded lieutenant also, or at least to bring him where he could receive medical attention. To this end he asked General Stannard's permission to try a daring scheme. Given leave, he at once set about making his preparations. There was small chance of bringing the dying officer successfully over the breastwork, so Boss enlisted several comrades in the venture, proposing that while he and one other sallied out, several inside should tunnel through the works in order to facilitate their return. William D. Blanchard was selected to accompany the corporal, and while the others were excavating the tunnel, those two brave men crawled over the works, under a most murderous fire of the enemy (who at once understood what was being attempted) and succeeded in reaching a rifle pit a short distance from where the officer lay.

To show themselves above the surface meant death, for a literal sheet of shot and shell was passing over the spot. So, turning their spoons into shovels, the rescuers dug a trench to the place where the now dying man lay. Through four hours of incessant labor they worked thus, exposed all the while to fire! Then they were able to pull the sufferer onto a rubber blanket.

Now to get inside the earthworks again. Lying close to the embankment, the spoons were once more industriously plied, both men working for dear life until that joyful moment when they met the tools of those who were tunnelling

from the inside. Soon the hole was made sufficiently large to enable them to pass the officer through to die in peace among friends. For the man for whom two brave soldiers had risked their lives was indeed mortally wounded and though carried from the field hospital to expert medical attendance at Washington, died in less than three weeks.

Corporal Boss seems to have borne a charmed life, however. Once again after this he went between the lines of battle in front of Petersburg to bring away a wounded comrade. And, as before, he escaped without a scratch.

Frank M. Whitman of the Boston Custom House is another soldier who once ran great personal risks in order to rescue a wounded comrade. The time was the battle of Antietam and Whitman's company had been obliged by the heavy firing to retire.

"I and a few others," he repeats, "were separated from our comrades and left behind with the dead and wounded on the field. We then fired a last volley, receiving in return a rain of shots which brought death to one more of our men. Only three of us were now left among the scores of wounded and we undertook as best we could to help our suffering comrades to get away from that terrible place. In this we spent several hours before returning to find our regiment.

"At my urgent solicitation, after we had regained our lines, two officers and a number of men were detailed to remove as many wounded as we could help away without attracting the fire of the enemy. But when we returned to the field we found that, during our absence, the rebels had advanced their picket line some distance. This made the thing even more dangerous than it would otherwise have been and our picket was very loath to allow us to go forward with our enterprise. But so earnestly did I plead to be allowed to make the attempt to rescue a certain comrade of my own company that I was at last permitted to have a try at it.

"This was a very delicate task for had I attracted the attention of the enemy an engagement would without doubt have been precipitated. Stealthily, however, I worked

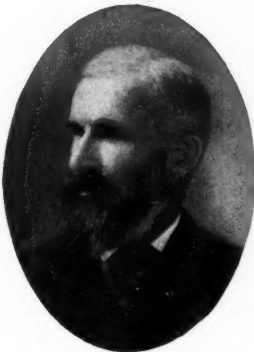
my way to where my comrade lay, (within a few feet of the enemy's pickets) and told him in a whisper what I could do for him with his cooperation. Though suffering great pain from a wound in the leg, which caused his death three weeks afterwards, my friend pluckily crawled along back by my side. How far away those lines of ours seemed that night!"

In a later engagement the brave corporal lost his right leg. Many years afterward he received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his bravery at Spottsylvania as well as for that heroic rescue of a wounded friend which I have here described.

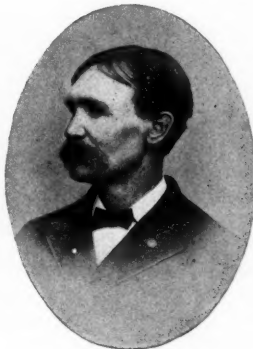
Another Massachusetts man who quite

regiment under a heavy fire by his rescue of the stars and stripes.

There is no more beautiful thing in all the narratives of the Civil war than the alacrity with which men went into danger for the sake of rescuing wounded officers. There seems always to have been the feeling that, at whatever cost, a soldier must do his best to save a superior who had been wounded. Sometimes it afterward became that superior's privilege to recommend for distinction the man who had thus served him. I have before me, as I write, the documents in one such case. The soldier in question was Robert A. Gray of Groton, Connecticut, and the letter one sent to



A. E. FERNALD



MICHAEL C. HORGAN



DANIEL D. STEVENS

forgot his own danger in the desire to help others was Joseph S. G. Sweatt, now of Medford, Massachusetts, who, when ordered to retreat at the battle of Carsville, Virginia, turned and rushed back to the front in the face of heavy fire from the enemy, in an endeavor to rescue a wounded comrade, with whom he remained until he was himself overpowered and taken prisoner.

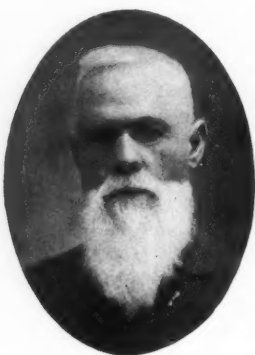
Charles D. Copp, now of Clinton, Massachusetts, distinguished himself at Fredericksburg, Virginia, by seizing the regimental colors when the flag-bearer had been shot down and rallying the

the secretary of war many years afterward by Aaron S. Dutton, formerly second lieutenant Company C, Twenty-First Connecticut Infantry. It reads:

"SIR: I have the honor to submit for your consideration the name of Robert A. Gray, late sergeant Co. C. 21st Conn. Vol's., and now residing in Groton, Connecticut, as one who merits a Medal of Honor for dangerous and gallant service rendered while a member of Co. C., 21st Conn. Vol's. Infantry, in accordance with Act of Congress granting such medals for distinguished gallantry in action, voluntarily performed. I herewith relate the following facts, showing the conduct of the soldier named, which came under my per-



ORLANDO P. BOSS



ROBERT A. GRAY



ERASTUS W. JEWETT

sonal observation and is distinctly and gratefully remembered by me to this day.

"During the severe and hotly contested battle of Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864 (which opened in a dense fog about three a. m.) the enemy having towards nine o'clock in the morning flanked and captured the right of the brigade, including the brigadier general commanding and staff, the 21st regiment changed front and repulsed several charges, suffering great loss; but being attacked by greatly superior numbers on both front and flank, was compelled to fall back, leaving both our dead and wounded on the field. Sergeant Gray, with not to exceed twelve or fifteen others, stood with me for a short time after the rest of the regiment had retreated, we having received no orders to fall back. The enemy were fast closing in on our front and both flanks and we were under a terrible fire. Several of our little squad fell. 'Just as I ordered these faithful few to fall back a musket ball passed through my left leg. I should think they had retreated about four or five rods when Sergeant Gray, looking back, saw I was disabled and that I could not get away. The rebels were now not twenty rods from us, yet he ran back to me through a perfect shower of bullets and bursting shells, risking almost certain death or capture and voluntarily rescued me and helped me to a place of safety, thus saving me from capture and I believe from death. I afterward learned that by ten a. m., he was in his place with the company. He was always a brave and noble soldier."

The capture of a flag does not sound at first blush like a very tremendous feat, but it often is none the less, and it is always so regarded in American warfare. A large number of Medal of Honor men have been honored for this service, among them Lieutenant Robert Niven of Company H, Eighth New York Cavalry; Captain Albert Fernald of Winterport, Maine, and Henry W. Rowe of Boston, Massachusetts. Of the last named soldier A. C. Locke of the Eleventh New Hampshire said, in recommending him for the medal, "I can bear witness to his bravery not only on the seventeenth of June, 1864, (when he captured his flag) but at the Battle of the Mine in July of that same year."

Mr. Rowe, who is a Boston printer with an office scarcely a stone's throw away from old Faneuil Hall, himself related his story to me the other day while the big presses were pounding in the next room of his establishment and orders to hurry "copy" were being received over the tinkling telephone:

"Our company (1 of the Eleventh New Hampshire Infantry) consisted at this time of only five privates. But when we heard the commanding officer whisper 'Forward, Eleventh,' we advanced. One of the fellows named Batchelder went to the right of the

house and there we fell in with Solomon Dodge, a sergeant of Company C,—who was a host in himself. As we passed the second corner of the house we heard the report of a musket from a rebel rifle pit. Scarcely had we realized its proximity when Sol wheeled around and, with his carbine inverted, cried: 'Surrender!' to a group of rebels who were creeping down upon us. They probably did not appreciate how vastly superior they were to us in numbers, for they at once dropped their guns. During the excitement I secured their flag so that we three men had colors and twenty-seven prisoners to deliver to Captain Dudley, whose force had now come up."

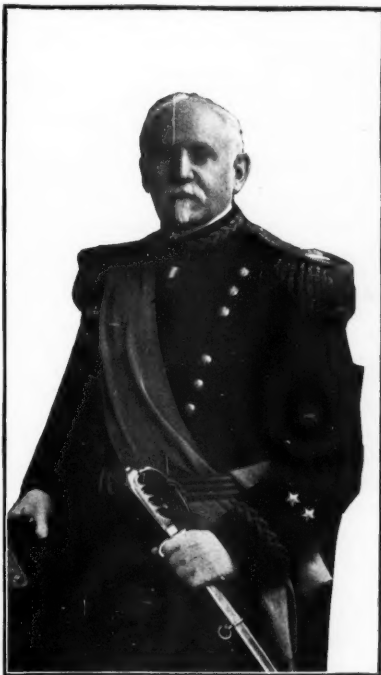
Of the sailors who have won medals there remains here only space briefly to mention two, Daniel Stevens, now of Peabody, Massachusetts, who while serving on the U. S. Monitor *Canonicus* at Fort Fisher January 13, 14 and 15, 1865, three times replaced the flag when it was shot away; and Michael C. Horgan, now of Charlestown, Massachusetts, who was rewarded for spiking guns at the capture of the Plymouth in Roanoke river and for planting a flag on Fort Fisher. A very large number of seamen have won the distinction, however, and that in ways quite as thrilling if altogether different from those here recounted.

Four years ago the soldiers and sailors who had been honored by their country to the extent of receiving this her highest reward for gallantry, formed themselves into a Medal of Honor Legion which holds annual conventions and endeavors in every way to preserve the spirit of chivalry and good comradeship for which it stands. The order's constitution solemnly declares that "the greatest fact in modern history is the preservation of the Union and the Constitution and we are grateful to Almighty God for having by our efforts aided in its accomplishment." The members of this body are mindful, if the lay world is not, that the Medal of Honor is an insignia of really heroic meaning.

The story of the adoption of a new Medal of Honor is best told as Major General Gillespie tells it in two letters to the editor of the *National Magazine*. In the first, dated Washington, D. C., December 1, 1904, he says:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November 28th, enclosing a clipping from the *New York Tribune*, which, as you state, contains what purports to be a 'facsimile of the new medal designed by you and adopted by Congress, or the Department.' You ask if this *Tribune* representation of the Medal is a correct one.

"In reply to your letter, I beg to say that the Act of Congress of April 23, 1904, authorizes the manufacture of a Medal of Honor on improved design, to be presented by direction of the President, and in the name of Congress, to such officers, noncommissioned officers, and privates as have most distinguished, or may hereafter most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action. The



MAJOR GENERAL GILLESPIE

improved design, as contemplated in the act, has been made as the result of the combined efforts of General Porter, our Ambassador to France, and myself, and has received the approval of the Secretary of War, to whom has been delegated authority to issue the medals in the name of the president.

"I do not know where the New York Tribune got its copy of this medal, as no photograph has ever been made of it. Possibly it is a freehand drawing of the original, and while approximately accurate, is not absolutely so. Since the receipt of your letter, I have directed a photograph to be taken of the improved medal, now in the hands of Bailey, Banks and Biddle of Philadelphia, and on its receipt will send you a copy.

"The statement that the new design has been patented by me is correct, and I have, by proper papers, transferred the Letters-Patent to the Legion of the Medal of Honor, the headquarters of which are in this city, to insure the exclusive use of this particular design to veterans.

"The present number of wearers of the Medal of Honor is 2,569, as taken from the records of the Military Secretary's Office."

In the second letter, dated February 13, 1905, General Gillespie says:

"Referring to your letter of December 7th, 1904, I send you at your request a photographic copy of the new Medal of Honor. Its general description is as follows:

"The body of the medal is of silver and electroplated in gold, giving a surface appearance of dead gold. The ivy

wreath and the oak leaves are enameled in green. The star, the head of Minerva (heroic) is to be of raised work; the words 'United States of America' and 'Valor' are to be raised block letters. Referring to the original medal, you will observe that the metal embraced between the bases of the prongs of the star and the wreath has been cut away to emphasize more particularly the wreath; the ribbon is to be of blue silk, a shade darker than that of the Cincinnati, with thirteen white stars interwoven, representing the thirteen original states, and it is to be attached to the beak of the eagle. The eagle and the bar on which it rests are to be in one piece and to be attached to the star by two small rings as indicated. The name of the person receiving the medal and the service rendered are to be engraved on the back of the medal, made smooth for that purpose.

"In the dress uniform the medal will be suspended one inch below the opening in the collar by means of a ribbon around the neck which passes between the interval of the two hooks of the coat collar, the ribbon being pulled out so as to give it a fluted form. To effect this the bar shown on top of the present medal hanging is detachable; the bar will only be used when the medal is to be attached to the coat by means of a pin. The rosette is hexagonal in form, made of the same color as the medal ribbon, likewise showing inside the thirteen stars.

"I have a letter from General Porter today, in which he says that this improved medal is, in the estimate of the medal artists at Paris, 'the handsomest medal given by any country.'"



THE PAPER DOLL PEOPLE

THE STORY OF LITTLE POLLY

By ETHEL ARMES

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

THE Paper Doll People lived 'way upstairs in little Mary's bedroom. This was like a big, enormous world to them. The floor was the wide, deep ocean. The dark blue rug, with wreaths of green leaves on it, by Mary's brass bed, was a reef of coral islands. The bed itself, with its clean white spread, was a long, high mountain range, snow all over, and the pillow at the head was a great white stone peak. The bureau and the washstand were the United States of America and Tennallytown. The ruffled window curtains were white clouds floating down from the blue painted ceiling which was the sky. A window box full of rose geraniums was an enchanted garden, and Mary's round, silver hand-glass, with pretty green moss fixed on the sides, was the tiny little lake in the garden, where the Paper Doll People could go wading if they liked, or fishing, or swimming, or rowing in a little paper boat. All outside the windows was make-believe. Only the room itself was the real and true world, and the Paper Doll People, so Mary often told them, the only real and true human beings living.

The most interesting person among the Paper Doll People was a little girl named Polly. This was Mary's own nickname. Polly was ten years old like Mary was, and she had a pink dress and lace and embroidery on her petticoat like Mary wanted to have, but didn't. She had a sash, too, and it was painted pink like her pretty little dress, for pink was Mary's favorite color.

Polly was the pet of the Paper Doll People and of all the world. Polly had no sisters or brothers, so she could always have the whole of everything she wanted. She was an orphan, so she

could always do exactly as she pleased, and have her own way entirely about all things. She could eat between meals as much as she liked, and then have her meals all chocolate cake and custard and vanilla ice cream and candy with nuts, if she liked. She never had to go to bed unless she was sleepy, nor did she have to get up if she didn't want to, and she could sleep in her dear pink dress. She was the owner of the coral islands and the enchanted garden, but she lived in a great big boat that went just by itself for wishing. Billy had helped Mary make this boat.

It was made out of half of a broken checker-board turned upside down, so as to have a railing for the deck. The cabin for Polly to sleep in was made out of a cigar box, with the lid propped up with sticks to make a little porch and have it nice and shady. A tin kitchen for Mammy Liza to cook in was at the back, while the table to eat off of was under the cabin porch, so they could always look out on the ocean and the sky and all the world while they ate.

Little chairs to sit on and lie down in, made out of pasteboard, were all around the deck. Little paper lifeboats, in case of wrecks, which Polly had as often as she could, were hooked on the sides with hooks and eyes. Little harpoons, some of Mamma's hairpins, to catch sharks and whales, were in them. Then there were two little toy cannons, from Jack's soldier set, placed in the bow of the boat to shoot bad enemies, bad natives and bad wild beasts, in case there ever were any. There was a lookout bridge on top of the cabin, where Polly used to stay in the daytime. An iron ladder, from Billy's fire-engine set he got Christmas, went up on top of this,

so Polly learned to climb like a real and true sailor.

She did have two little black sailors, Mammy's children, Jake and Jim, who did all the work and jumped when Polly spoke and obeyed every word she said right straight off, because they had to; old Mammy Liza made them.

So Polly lived exactly as she liked to live and had everything in the world she wanted. She spent her time sailing around the world, butting into terrible black rocks that were empty ink bottles in the floor, having narrow escapes and strange a'ventures and seeing the most curious things.

The Paper Doll mothers loved her better than any of their own children. All they ever talked about was her and the exciting and wonderful things that were always happening to her. Polly had given every family a telexcope, each one made out of an empty cartridge which Billy had picked up on Fort Reno, so the people could always see Polly, both day and night, and all that she was doing, and praise her for it.

She visited around among them and brought them beautiful presents from the foreign lands and told them all about herself.

They looked up to her because she was so brave and because she always wore pink and had lace and embroidery on her petticoat and because she could i'vite them to go places.

And Polly often did i'vite them. Whenever she went on a most especially long voyage, she invited a number of the Paper Doll People, providing they did exactly as she told them and suited her in all ways. If one of them, even one of Mrs. Augustus Montmorency's children, ever criticised her to her face or said anything mean about her behind her back, she put them right off her boat. She liked to get praise all of the time and be the only one who got it. She liked to be loved the most and be the only one noticed ever, or ever men-

tioned or ever talked about, and she was, too.

Her boat was named The Great Discoverer. Sometimes it used to drop anchor in the harbor near Tenallytown. The harbor was under a chair, whose legs and rounds were to Polly four great trunks of trees with straight-out branches. Swings, see-saws and ropes and trapeezies were put on these branches, so Polly and her friends could have fun and narrow escapes near shore. All of these went right over the deepest part of the ocean, so it was a risky thing to swing and only the brave could do it.

Nobody dared go so high or swing so far out as Polly. The other Paper Doll children would stand around with their mouths open and look at all that Polly did. Polly would say:

"Now watch me. See me go 'way out and hang on with just my legs."

And they would say: "Oh, Polly, Polly! You are so brave!"

"That's nothing!" Polly always answered, "I could climb higher nen than an' higher still, an' could hang on with just one finger, if I liked!"

The wealthy Mrs. Augustus Montmorency, who, with her stylish husband and three stylish daughters, inhabited the top of the bureau and had the silver hair brush for a sofa in her parlor, would look through her telexcope and say:

"Oh, mercy! Did you ever see anything like that child? She does such wonderful, inhancible things!"

The poor Mrs. Alexander Courteney, a widow with eleven children, who inhabited the washstand and did sewing for her profession, would take off her spectacles and wring her hands and cry:

"Oh, that child will get killed! She is a marblous child!"

Mrs. Oswald Van Dyke, who with her fashionable young son and beautiful debutante daughter, inhabited two Paris hat boxes next door to the United States of America, would raise her eyebrows

and fan quite hard and say: "Dearie me! Have you seen what little Polly is doing? She is a mos' remarkable genus!"

Polly could hear all these things said, and they made her feel just like Jack's turkey felt when it was being stuffed for Thanksgiving. Sometimes she felt so proud she could hardly take any breaths.

It was Mary's idea that Polly as well as herself should become as tough as Billy was, and Billy was tough, so she helped train Polly, but Polly did lots of it herself.

One time Polly took some of the other Paper Doll People, among them Miss Van Dyck, up on top of the mountain range. The name of this was the Alps, after a place in geography that Mary learned at the Sisters' School. The soap dish, turned sideways, was a snow-white monastree 'way up on the high peak of the mountain range. A black rope ladder, which was Mary's comb, went up to this from the steep presapiece. There were presapieces all over the range, for Mary used to bunch up the bedspread into terrible high mountains and kanyons and valleys, and fearful dark rabines; and all so cold! So cold! Two fat little black spools were the monks in charge of the monastree and some buttons from Papa's coat were the St. Bernard dogs who saved starving and frozen travelers.

Miss Van Dyck wore a ball gown with a long train and high-heeled French slippers. She was always falling down the presapieces into the snowdrifts, and the Courteney children were always getting lost in the fearful dark rabines. But Polly called out all the St. Bernard dogs, and after many troublous days, which would be hours to live people, they reached the monastree.

The good little monks had a fire burning for them to get warm by and some cottage pudding with wine sauce and a roly-poly full of peaches for them to eat. After they said their prayers, they

went to sleep, and the little monks blessed them and walked outside all night in the cold, to keep away wild beastesses, in case any came.

In the morning there were three blizzards, four hurricanes, sixteen whirlwinds and twenty tornadoes—all made with Mary's Japanese fan. The Alps could not be crossed. The fire and food gave out. The Paper Doll People had a narrow escape from starvation. They would have died of starvation if Polly had not taken two of the dogs and gone through the snowdrifts, all by herself to her boat and got a sled (a little match box) full of chocolate and cream cake for them to eat.

Then the sun came out. They had a farewell party in the monastree, then they slid down the high peak and danced over the ridges to the Great Discoverer, and went home again to tell their mothers all about it! Miss Van Dyck's pompadour was spoiled, however, and she said she would never go any more, and Polly said she needn't; she wouldn't be missed.

Then another time, not long after, Polly took the Paper Doll People to the coral islands. On the way they passed the closet, which was the robbers' cave.

"Only they are good robbers," Polly told the eleven Courteney children. They were friends of hers, she said. They were, too, because Polly admired them a great deal and showed she did. She thought they were a very smart speshus of men. She used to listen to their stories of how they got into the houses of Mrs. Van Dyck and Mrs. Montmorency, and she would praise them up for getting hold of so much. Only the brave could do it, she thought. These robbers, who were toothpicks tied with red ribbons, had shoe boxes for boats and prowled the sea by night. They exchanged signals with the Great Discoverer as she sailed by on her way to the coral islands, and Polly gave

three cheers for the robbers.

On the coral islands it was like playing follow my leader for the Paper Doll People, with Polly for the leader. She jumped over terrible quick whirlpools right into the middle of wild beasts. Some of them showed their teeth and growled, but Polly said:

"It's me, wild beasts; I am Polly," and the wild beasts licked her hands right off and liked her and would not bite her or any of her friends.

When the natives rushed up ready to shoot her with their bows and arrows, Polly held up her hands.

"I am Polly," she said, and the natives bowed politely at once and gave her pretty pink shells and said for her to come again.

"I thank you, natives; I will," Polly answered, and she gave each one a telescope, so they also could watch her always after that.

She stayed on the center island for two weeks. The Paper Doll People had a tent made out of brown paper. They had fun on the coral islands and became well acquainted with all the gentle wild beasts and the good enemies and the nice natives.

The fashionable Mr. Oswald Van Dyck, Junior, was an object of some curiosity to them. Polly admired him very much, although he was pekuar and you had to make believe he had what he hadn't, but Polly liked to do that. Mr. Van Dyck did not have any head whatever. He was really just a suit of clothes, but he was a velvet suit with lace on the collar and cuffs. Mary, who had great trouble in finding gentlemen paper dolls, had cut him out of an advertisement just as he was, and Polly was very well satisfied. Mrs. Montmorency and the others referred to him sometimes as being afflicted, but they all liked his velvet clothes and felt proud if he came to any of their parties, because he was so exclusive.

The natives did not think so much of

him, however, and Polly was obliged to guard him closely to keep him from being ducked.

Sometime after the visit to the islands, Polly went to the enchanted garden. She went here all alone. She had to climb up to the windowsill by way of the clouds, then, crossing a bridge of the clouds, she was there.

She lay down on the moss by the little lakes, under a geranium leaf, and half closed her eyes. The sun came smiling at her through the green leaf.

"Dear sun," whispered Polly, and she threw a kiss to him. He was a friend of hers, too. And the blue mother sky 'way out doors was, and the white baby clouds were, and the birds and the wind—the wind—

"Oh, my wind, my dear wind!" Polly cried and she opened her eyes. All the geraniums were bowing to her. She climbed up the stalk of the one nearest to her. She hid her face in the flower and it moved—it moved, blown in the wind. How nice it felt to be moved by the wind! Little Mary was also looking at all outdoors with Polly, her face in flowers, too—her breath breathing in the nice cool wind, too.

"Polly!" she cried, "I will do it! I will let you go outside the world into all outdoors. I will let you take them. I will let you see it!"

Polly laughed from gladness. She jumped out of her enchanted garden as quick as a tiny little grasshopper, back on the curtains, that were clouds, and down once more among the Paper Doll People.

And she told them they could see outdoors, outside of the world, at last.

"Polly," little Mary said that night to her, "I will tell you how is the way to get there. It is a long, long way there. The ocean runs out into a deep, dark tunnel, then falls down a terrible roaring waterfall into another deep, dark tunnel, then down another terrible roaring waterfall into another deep dark tunnel, then

out of a gate into a canal that goes all 'round and runs down some rocks into a river. An' the river is bigger nen the ocean. It runs into big enormous treesful of white flowers and leaves as big as you are, Polly, and all through millions of green towers straight up in the air, and real and true wild beastses and—and—everything else, Polly. Do you think you'll be afraid?"

"See me!" was all Polly said.

So she went around to estribute the invitations.

"I will need a deeper boat than mine," she said to Mrs. Van Dyck, "so I will take your house."

The two Paris hat boxes were fitted up for the long voyage. New curtains were pinned to the windows and the doors were pasted over with paper to keep the water out. All of the People went except Miss Van Dyck, who said she preferred to stay at Mrs. Montmorcency's, where she could have a looking-glass and keep her pompadour in order.

And they started. Little Mary was the pilot of the ship. She pulled it by a string slowly out of her room, slowly into the dark hallway, then down the steps, one step at a time, for the stairway was the roaring waterfall full of rocks and lined on one side by stiff black trees which long ago were struck by lightning and all the leaves burned away, so Mary told Polly about the bannisters. The Paper Doll People were afraid to breathe. Polly herself was scared, but she said she wasn't. Still, to leave the world and go out into dark space like this, like this, only the brave could do it!

At last the canal. This was the porch around Mary's house. Then came the river. The river was quite different from the ocean. There was nothing wooden about the river. It was a road that ran from the porch of Mary's house, down under rows of maple trees and stopped at a big stone gate which led into forever. At the very beginning of

the river stood the tree with white flowers and leaves big as the People themselves. It was a cherry tree. Billy had made a seat up in the cherry tree and what he called a dancing pavilion for the Paper Doll People in case they ever should give a church picnic.

The long grasses that were the millions of towers were builded all over everywhere. 'Way high up, higher than a thousand grown-up ladders could reach, was the blue sky. It looked down at the ship of the Paper Doll People through the white flowers of the cherry tree. There was no telling what adventures the People might have had, but suddenly a little frowning cloud got mad and ran away from the mother sky, like a bad boy, and it began all at once to blow and blow.

"The wind! The wind!" Mary screamed, and threw her little pink calico apron over the ship of the Paper Doll People.

"Don't blow so hard, wind! Stop! Stop! Stop!" she cried.

But it did not stop. Little Polly was on the roof of the ship—she always would get on high places—and Mary's apron missed her.

It missed her!

The wind got her!

It got her! It picked her up like a feather, and away down the river it carried her, toward the big stone gate. Mary let the ship go, let the people go. She ran after Polly.

"Don't go away with the wind, Polly!" she cried. "Stay with me! I love you, Polly!"

And Polly stopped. One second she stopped. She lit on top of a tower, like a tiny little trembling butterfly. Then the tower leaned low and the wind lifted her and blew away, away, down the river.

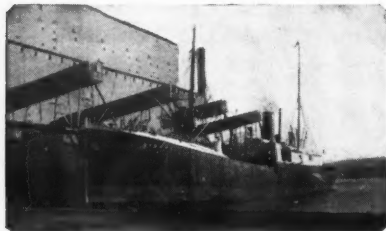
There was a flash of pink—one last flash—and out of the big stone gate flew Polly with the wind, out of the big stone gate far on, far on into forever.

THROUGH EUROPE ON \$100

A SUGGESTION TO COLLEGE MEN

By WALTER M. PRATT

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



THE BARROWMORE, CATTLE SHIP

"HOW can I spend my vacation to the best advantage?" is a question which is always new, and unanswered, to the College Man. Many, by necessity, have this question answered for them; there is no alternative, they must work to earn money to assist in carrying on their education. However, the majority can spend their time as they choose, providing their choice is not too expensive. There are, of course, those to whom money is no object. This article is written as a suggestion to those to whom money is an object, and to show how much can be accomplished with a small amount.

Having spent Summers camping, cruising and at hotels in the mountains and at the shore, I resolved to break away from this monotony and finally decided that I would go to Europe. One hundred dollars was all I could afford to spend, and as this would barely pay my passage, I resolved that I would work my way. Fortunately I was able to interest a college friend in my plans to the extent that he finally decided to take his chances with me.

Having finally decided to go, the following advertisement in a Boston paper naturally attracted my attention:

"WANTED:— Cattlemen; 100 men this week to feed cattle on steamers for Liverpool and London, four sailings. Call and reserve places. Free return ticket. J. C. Ballem, 232 Commercial Street."

The first steamer to leave was the S. S. Barrowmore, Johnson Line, 400 horsepower, 2,418 regular tonnage, sailing from Boston in four days. Turning our money into American Express checks and taking an entire change of clothing, the oldest we owned, and a few absolute necessities, and presented ourselves at the company's docks at five o'clock on the morning of sailing, July 22.

The Barrowmore being the oldest boat of its kind in commission, we found little trouble in getting signed on, so that when the lines were cast off at high tide, which was about seven o'clock, and the Barrowmore cast her thick, black nose to the East, rolling grandly with her unsettled load, there were on board two young men who were doing a lot of thinking and no little worrying. The old proverb, "Look before you leap," came back with startling rapidity, but there was no back door out of which we might slide now if we wished.

Instead of being allowed to see Boston harbor on the way out, we were hustled below, for there were 465 Cana-

dian steers to be tied into place, and only thirteen unlucky cattlemen to do the trick, including three bosses and the head cattleman. A bullock at any time is not the easiest of animals to round up and tie into place; infuriated by his trip from the freight yard to and aboard the ship, he is a caution. However, there was just enough danger connected with our task to make it interesting, and exciting, and before it was completed and we stopped to rest, the day was nearly spent and Highland Light was disappearing beneath the horizon.

From the time the advance guard of the half-wild beasts clattered out of the cars, across the docks and up the narrow chute, until by clips and forks and tail-twisting the last burly brute was forced into place, there was not a moment's rest. The incessant "Hi, you!" and crash of broken stanchions, as the wild-eyed creatures were driven down the aisle and shunted behind the boards; the yells and bellows, and above all the constant cursing of the foreman, can never be forgotten.

At seven o'clock we were only too glad to turn in, and yet this statement is not correct, as we did not turn in; the night being fine, we slept on deck in preference to a bunk in the room reserved for cattlemen. This room (or more correctly, closet, as its dimensions did not exceed eight by fifteen feet) is worthy of description, as it was fearfully and wonderfully constructed. It was located amidships on the starboard side of the lower deck, wedged in between the ship's outer wall and the partition that shut off the furnace shaft. It had two tiers of bunks on either side, three in a tier, and one tier at the end, fifteen in all, no ventilation but the door, and no light. I call attention to these facts so that our sleeping on deck will not be wondered at.

In this room the thirteen cattlemen were supposed to sleep. Now the aver-

age cattle "stiff"—this is the name dubbed cattlemen by all at sea—is, as a rule, a pretty hard specimen, unless he is a college man.

After sizing up the situation pretty thoroughly, we secured several bales of hay, and placing them parallel about eighteen inches apart, we put others on top, and wrapping ourselves in blankets, crawled into the openings and slept until the next morning as soundly as if in our beds at home. Long before sunrise, or to be exact, at four o'clock, we were awakened by a kick and told it was time to get to work. First the cattle were watered. In the modern boats this is an easy matter, as water is run through troughs to them, but on the Barrowmore it was accomplished by a few buckets and a lot of manual labor. Each steer drinks from three to five pails in the morning. Think it over and you will see that there were something like two thousand pails of water to be carried from amidship.

At any time it is not the easiest of propositions to pass in semi-darkness through a two-foot alley with rows of horns on either side, but with a pail of water in each hand and a good-sized sea on it is about the "limit."

After two hours of this work on an empty stomach came the daily task of hoisting forty to fifty bales of hay and a large number of sacks of corn from the hold. On the modern boats the block and tackle is worked by a dummy engine, but on the Barrowmore our muscle furnished the power. Half the bales were opened and the hay fed to the cattle, after which we were allowed to stop for breakfast, it being by this time at least nine o'clock.

Each cattleman was given a tin pail, cup and knife and fork, which he was responsible for until returned at the end of the trip. We were then allowed to go to the galley and get our pan of pork and pail of "scouse," and an apology for coffee with molasses for

sweeting. This bill of fare was occasionally varied with "salt horse." In addition we had a loaf of bread every other day with cottolene for butter. It is no exaggeration to say that there was much more care taken for the comfort and the food of the cattle than for the



"WE SNAPPED A PICTURE OF A SQUARE-RIGGED BARK"

men who attended them. It is the one object of the head cattleman to land his charge well and fat, even if he has to do it at the expense of one or two "stiffs."

Our foreman was a big, sharp-eyed, quick-tempered, but generally good-natured man. On a previous trip he had sent an awkward young stiff forward for a pitchfork. The boy fell overboard and was drowned before the vessel could be stopped. The foreman swore for three days because he had taken the pitchfork with him. Another story was told of a dispute with a stiff because he could not work, being terribly sick. The foreman kicked him with such force that two ribs were broken. Naturally, with such a reputation, the cattlemen obeyed him promptly.

After our breakfast we fed the cattle with corn, then cleaned the bins out and swept the alleys. This work brought the time up to one o'clock, when we had dinner. At three o'clock we again fed the animals with hay, and after distributing the two thousand pails of water the second time, ate supper and turned in.

The same program was repeated day after day with sickening regularity. It is not my purpose to discourage any intending to take this means of earning

a passage; I merely wish to impress upon them that it is no "snap," and to suggest that if possible some arrangement be made with one of the officers, or the steward, for a cabin, as sleep is essential to keep up one's strength and to prevent sickness.

The monotony was broken each day by some incident. The second day we passed close to a big Cunarder, and at sunset snapped a picture of a square-rigged bark, which made a beautiful sight in the reflection of a magnificent sunset.

The third day a school of walruses, many sharks and kingbirds were seen.

On the fifth day there were indications that a storm was approaching. The next night it broke-upon us with all its force. At the time we little realized that it was the tail-end of a terrible Porto Rican hurricane. Upon the bridge they may have had some inkling of what was coming.

Fortunately for us, we had been driven from our open-air berths on the upper deck by the thick fog the night previous, and had found a place near the bunker-hatch on the deck below. About midnight we were routed from sleep by the splash and crash of tons of water coming over the hatch near us. Sitting up, we found the Barrowmore had listed badly to the starboard, a heavy sea was running, and we could hear the wind howl above us. All this, together with the moanings of the terrified cattle, heaving and pulling and crushing, powerless to resist bumping against each other at every cant of the ship, was enough to strike terror to hearts of much more experience than our own.

The remainder of the night was spent on top of a pile of jumbo rolls of newspaper. This position was only retained at times by clinging to an upright stanchion. Here we were at least out of the water which piled in at every roll of the ship, and which at times was more than a foot deep on our deck. As morning

approached the storm increased until it seemed that the ship must give in to the elements. As we lay clinging to our places hour after hour in pitch darkness, expecting at any moment that the great rolls under us would shift, thoughts of home would flash across our minds, and inwardly we resolved that if ever we reached that bright, gay country again, we would never leave.

I could continue, and tell how for three days and three nights, wet to the skin and weak from loss of sleep, we took care of the cattle; how before the third day the boilers gave out, and we found ourselves drifting in mid-ocean at the mercy of the waves, which had been lashed into great mountains by the fury of the storm, but, as Kipling would say, "that's another story." It is enough to say that the storm and repairs delayed us four days and brought the time up to the fourteenth day, when the Scillys were sighted. The next day we passed Brighton, Southampton and Dover, and anchored off Gravesend for the night. In the morning the old Barrowmore, badly battered and with a dizzy list to the starboard, steamed slowly up the river Thames, and after discharging the cattle into the landing stage at Depford passed through the Royal Albert docks to her berth in the Victoria docks. In the excitement and strangeness of this day the hardships of the trip were soon forgotten.

There were clustered together ships from every corner of the world, flying the flags of every nation. The many "P. and O." (Pacific and Oriental) boats, crowded with Hindoos, were perhaps the most interesting, although it is hard to state which of the miles of vessels appealed most to us.

It was afternoon before we had landed and had passed the customs and were hurrying uptown to the steamship company's office to get our certificate of discharge, return card, and last but not least, our hard-earned one pound four

shillings. Here we were finally in London, over three thousand miles from home, our one hundred dollars still untouched and nearly six dollars to the good. We had by mail engaged a room at the Hotel Cumberland, a refined but inexpensive hostelry in the West End, to which place we at once wended our way, and shortly after dinner we retired.

The accomplishments of the next day we are justly proud of, as the writer doubts if two sight-seers ever accomplished more. We awoke before sunrise, from force of habit, and wishing to improve every moment took a walk which terminated at the Chelsea Embankment. Returning to the hotel by tramway, we had breakfast and left at nine-thirty for Kensington Gardens, snapping a picture of the Natural History Museum in passing.

From the gardens we walked through Hyde Park and Green Park, and took a picture of Buckingham Palace, then across St. James Park and passed down Bird Cage Walk to Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Perhaps an hour was spent in the Abbey—a week could be absorbed and all not seen. A few minutes were spent on



A GLIMPSE OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

the Victoria Embankment, watching the many pleasure crafts travel up and down the Thames. After a good look at Cleopatra's Needle, we proceeded past the Hotel Metropole to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, where we visited the National Gallery and ad-

mired the celebrated lions at the base of Nelson's monument; continuing our tour down the Strand, passing the Hotel Cecil, we turned up Wellington street and soon reached the British Museum.

Our next stop was Regent's Park, where we visited the Zoological and Botanical Gardens and then stopped at Madam Tussaud's world-famous exhibit of waxworks. Here we had a late lunch in the adjoining cafe.

Up to now I have not mentioned that the day was a bank holiday, and so we were not alone in our sight-seeing, each place of interest being well patronized by the toilers at play, offering us an excellent opportunity to study the people. The top-hatted city clerks, red-coated soldiers and the quiet English girls contrasted sharply with the country cousin on his annual visit to the metropolis.

From the cafe we took a tramcar to Picadilly Circus and walked down Picadilly to Rotten Row, where we spent an hour watching the beautiful turnouts pass in a continual procession, and in listening to the King's Band. It now being six o'clock, we took an underground train at Victoria station and were soon at Earl's Court, at which place is yearly held a kind of miniature world's fair. This great exposition, with

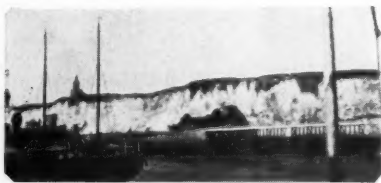
and many American tourists, while the fashionable West End visits the former.

The next day we visited St. Paul's Cathedral, the most conspicuous building in London, and to the writer one of the most interesting in Europe; London Bridge, over which more than one hundred thousand people daily pass; the Tower of London, Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, Wellington's monument and many other places too numerous to mention, after which we ended the day by going to the Shaftesbury theater.

The third day we saw something of Stephney and Whitechapel and other notorious sections of the East End, and bought tickets for Dover, Calais, Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, The Hague, Hook of Holland, Harwich and London, for which we paid four pounds, eight shillings, five pence at one of the local touring agencies.

The next morning at nine o'clock we left Victoria station on the Daily Mail Express and in passing through Canterbury, stopped just long enough in that ecclesiastical city to get a view of the celebrated cathedral, and saw something of the numerous remains of buildings connected with the church with which the city abounds at the present day. At ten-forty-three we arrived at Dover, a distance of seventy-eight miles, at once went aboard the steamship Saxon, and in less than ten minutes were on our way across the channel. As the shores receded the old Dover castle and the celebrated chalk cliffs united in forming a striking and extremely attractive picture.

The trip from Dover to Calais affords the shortest distance but, as a rule, the roughest water of any of the numerous routes from London to Paris. The boats are excellent, the distance is twenty-two miles and the time required to make the trip seventy-five minutes. Before Dover or even Folkestone were lost to view, the French coast commenced to loom



THE CHALK CLIFFS OF ALBION

its myriads of electric lights, its bands of music and its brilliant combinations of cafes, music halls and restaurants, was a fitting climax to our strenuous day. Earl's Court has to a large extent taken the place of the once famous Crystal Palace, which still attracts the rabble

up and Calais light appeared in the distance.

At Calais there was little to attract our attention other than it being our first French town. As soon as we had done our duty to the Republic Inland Revenue, we boarded a train, and at

Concord; crossed the open square close to the Obelisk, (which seemed in the darkness of the night and the brilliancy of the square to touch the overhanging clouds) and we were in the Champs Elysees. Here is to be found the Jardin de Paris, a public garden;



PLACE DE LA CONCORD, PARIS

twelve-thirty were again on our way to Paris. Short stops were made at Boulogne, Abbeville and Amiens, at which latter place we secured luncheon.

Upon arriving in Paris at five o'clock, a distance of 285 miles from London, we first went to our hotel, the Hotel Du Paris, and then had dinner at an out-door cafe of which Paris has an astonishing number, many being fitted with colored electric lights, stained glass and artistic panels, supplying to a large extent the brilliancy which has made Paris famous.

After dinner and a short walk, we found ourselves listening to a military band in the courtyard of the Palais Royal, popular as a promenade and famous for its jewelry shops and past history. After passing a pleasant hour among the bazaars, and although fatigued by our day's trip, we made our way out of the south side of the Quadrangle, crossed Rue St. Honore, turned up Rue de Rivoli, and in less than half an hour we were in the Place de la

admittance five francs. A popular but coarse entertainment is offered, consisting of vaudeville and dancing women, commencing at nine p. m. and continuing until one a. m. It derives its income principally from students and American and English tourists. One's first impression is that the state of affairs is terrible and should be looked into at once; but it is Paris, and it is amusing how soon the sights appear ordinary. Here we spent the evening, and to be candid it was nearer sunrise than midnight when the writer reached his hotel and retired, to dream of rolling vessels in the channel, rushing trains, cafes, boulevards and illuminations. However, at nine o'clock the next morning we were in the grillroom of our hotel trying to make our "garcon" understand what we meant by "H-O" and "Sunny Jim."

During this our sixth day on shore we visited the Louvre, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Morgue (which is always open and generally well filled and where

the idly curious smoke and chat and laugh over the terrible sights), the Hotel des Invalides, had luncheon in the Eiffel Tower, saw the Arc of Triumph, the Palace of Justice and watched the many fishermen who sat hour after



RIVER SEINE AND NAPOLEON BRIDGE

hour upon the walls which line the river Seine and fish into the sluggish and dirty waters, never seeming to get a bite.

The public wash-houses, which appear at frequent intervals along the river, are very interesting. Here the poor bring washing, and, unprotected from the gaze of the unsympathetic public crossing the various bridges, earn their living.

In the evening we went to the Grand Opera, after which we visited the most noted bohemian resorts, the Moulin Rouge and the Bal Bullier, and saw something of the Latin quarter, swarmed with women who from one year's end to the other seldom see the sun; whose days begin at midnight and whose minds, bodies and souls belong to the devil.

The next morning was spent in driving about Paris and in visiting the Bon Marche and other wonderful shops and department stores. At one o'clock we left Paris for Brussels, crossing the frontier at Feignies, and arrived at our destination at five o'clock.

Supposing our hotel to be but a few blocks away, we secured a public servant to carry our dress-suit cases, camera, etc., and started to walk. Our man took the lead, assuring us that it was, as he expressed it, but a step. At times we were compelled almost to run to keep him in sight; up one street and down another in rapid succession we hustled,

and finally, after an hour's chase, we arrived in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel. Upon asking our guide how much he wished for his services he replied, "Ten centimes," or the equivalent of two cents in American money.

After dinner we walked the length of the Boulevard du Nord and then visited the Palais D' Ete, which was, to quote the "noisy" show cards on the outside, "the finest music hall in Belgium." Here we spent the evening listening to the band play "Ta ra ra boom de ay," "A Hot Time" and similar selections, with as much enjoyment as though they were not ancient history at home. The attendance, both in hall and promenade, was, as near as we could judge, of a high order. Soldiers in their well-fitting and becoming uniforms predominated; ladies and gentlemen were in full evening dress, and there seemed to be an utter lack of any questionable persons. The dazzling display of lights, the music and the gay uniforms all combined to make a picture long to be remembered.

The next day being Sunday, we attended church at the Cathedral St. Michael, and later in the day visited Hotel De Ville, Royal Palace, Palace of Justice, saw the Bourse from the exterior, and walked and rode about the many parks and boulevards of the city. We were so favorably impressed with this pretty capital that it was with reluctance that we left the next morning at nine o'clock for Antwerp, in order to be present at the great Van Dyke Tercentenary, to which half the people of Belgium had thronged.

Upon arriving shortly before noon, we found there was barely standing room on the pavements and not more than moving space between them. At two o'clock the great procession commenced to move, and so interesting did it prove that the two hours which it took to pass seemed but a few minutes. It is to the Continent that one must go for the old traditions and magnificence in

such proceedings. In America we have not the spirit of out-door shows. Very good attempts are made in the West at times, especially in Los Angeles, California, some of which the writer has been fortunate enough to witness, but they are not to be compared with this Antwerp procession.

It consisted of a prelude of ten tableaux, each with an immense symbolic car, any one of which would have formed by itself a respectable procession. A huge whale led the line, spouting this way and that at the direction of a cupid seated on its head. Dolphins followed and a full-rigged ship filled with sailors. Then came a giant and giantess, figures apparently dear to the hearts of the populace. After these came a view of art across the centuries. Egypt first: harpists, singers and dancers in bright colors, followed by a huge Sphinx and a many-colored temple with priests before its altar, after which were represented,—each in turn and each in a way as elaborate,—Assyria, Greece, Arabia, etc., until Gothic art was reached, and so on to Dutch art and Van Dyke.

Anything more artistic and complete would be difficult to imagine. Thousands took part in it, and the music accompanying each tableaux was appropriate to its age. The costumes were wonderful and the cars quite filled the narrow streets and in many instances reached to the topmost windows.

In the evening the illuminations were wonderful. There was more light than New York shows on election night, and it was better and more artistically used. Both sides of the popular streets displayed an almost continuous stream of fire; lines of tiny gas jets, festoons of electric bulbs and hidden flames that reflected a crown of light above the roofs formed a decoration that was clear and resplendent. There were no vivid outbreaks of dazzling searchlights; house joined house in a persistent chain

of flame. We could not be blamed for keeping late hours looking at a sight so pretty and so rare.

The crowds somewhat hampered us the next day in our sight-seeing. However, we got a very good idea of the gigantic port, saw something of the museums and visited the churches, which are so many museums in themselves.

At noon my companion and myself parted company; he starting back to London by way of Ostend, in order to be back in time for the Barrowmore's sailing, while I left for The Hague by way of Rotterdam, in which place I spent several pleasant hours driving about the city.

Upon reaching The Hague at about eight o'clock, I found that through carelessness I had failed to clear my baggage at Roosendaal, the frontier town into the Netherlands, and of course my baggage was being held. Finally, after much trouble and no end of "red tape," the customs officials agreed to forward it under bond. From the depot I at once went to the Hotel Marechal de Turenne, where I was fortunate enough to secure a front room, and, being much



BOULEVARD DU NORD BRUSSELS

fatigued, retired. I awoke bright and early, and such a sight met my eyes upon looking out of my windows: a perfect adjustment of space and proportion; nothing jarred and nothing was out of harmony. In front ran a canal, on the



"WE SAW SOMETHING OF THE MUSEUMS"

further side of which stood a row of crooked houses, gable ends to the street, each with a little slanting mirror fastened outside its windows. Here and there in the distance the arms of windmills were silently flapping, like great seagulls alighting, and in every direction a singular mingling of trees, masts and red-tiled roofs.

In the street below were numerous Dutchmen in clumsy wooden sabots and baggy breeches, a water-carrier with his funny yoke, from which were suspended water-tubs, and several carts drawn by dogs so small as to be ridiculously out of proportion to their burdens; while in the canal were many boats, some hitched like horses to their owners' doorposts, while others were being slowly propelled up and down the canal. The red tiles of the roofs, the green foliage and the gaily painted boats with their white, yellow or chocolate sails, formed a color effect that was at first startling, then attractive and beautiful.

After enjoying this bewildering jumble of houses, boats and people for more than an hour, I descended to the cafe, had breakfast and was ready for my first day in Holland.

The morning was spent in visiting the Royal Museum, House of Lords, Royal Palace and the Prison Gate. About noon I took a double-deck tram from the Plein, that seemed to be the central point from which everything started, and after half an hour's ride

through a most beautiful wooded boulevard, reached Scheveningen, the famous Dutch watering place. Here for several miles along the coast runs a paved boulevard lined with drinking gardens and music halls, immense in size and attractive in appearance. At low tide the white expanse is dotted with thousands of covered wicker chairs containing pleasure seekers. The portable bath-houses and the one-piece bathing suits cannot fail to amuse Americans. Here the afternoon and evening passed much too rapidly.

The next day was spent (until three o'clock) in visiting the Queen's Palace in the Woods, and in "butting" about the muddy canals which divide this attractive but silent and lifeless city into many islands. At three o'clock, having secured my baggage from the customs officials, I left for the Hook of Holland. The view obtained from the car window made my ride seem short. Ditches, canals and ponds were to be seen everywhere, while in any direction windmills were visible, clustered together on the canal banks so close that their great arms almost touched as they revolved. Upon asking the use of so many, I learned that some were sawmills and some gristmills, but the principal use was for pumping water into the canals from the lowlands, as a large part of the country is below the level of the sea.

I could not help but think of the story told of the prisoner, in one corner of



"IN THE STREET BELOW WERE DOG-CARTS"

whose cell was placed a pump and in another an opening through which a steady stream of water was admitted. The prisoner had his choice: to stand still and drown or work for dear life at the pump. The Dutch always have pumped and always must pump to keep the ocean out.

At the Hook of Holland I boarded one of the Great Eastern Railroad steamers, and, after the usual rough trip of 101 miles across the North Sea, I arrived at six o'clock next morning at Harwich, England. Telegraphing my friend in London to meet me, I started on the first train, and at eight o'clock reached the city, a distance of about seventy miles, met my friend and found by good luck that the Barrowmore's sailing had been postponed until the following day at noon.

My friend having planned a trip to Hampton Court Palace for the day, I readily accompanied him, and soon found myself enjoying a pleasant sail up the Thames.

At high tide the next day, with mingled regret and pleasure, we left for home. The return trip was uneventful. The course was over the southern route, in order to avoid icebergs, which commence to drift south in the late Summer. However, we were fortunate enough to get a good look at one in the distance. Having no assigned work we volunteered our services at odd jobs about the ship, and in so doing made friends with the captain and chief officer, who in return made privileged characters of us, giving us a stateroom in the cabin.

With plenty of good reading matter and many pleasant memories, the fourteen days passed quickly, and we were back in Boston before we realized it, after a trip of over seven thousand miles and an absence of forty-three days, during which fourteen cities and four foreign countries had been visited, at an exact cost of \$100.

It seems to the writer that if many college men would take advantage of this



"CANALS WERE TO BE SEEN EVERYWHERE"

At Hampton Court the day was spent quietly among the state apartments, picture galleries and gardens, the mammoth and famous grape vine occupying our attention and wonder for some time.

way of spending a Summer vacation, investing the same amount of money spent in less time at Summer resorts, they would accomplish more and have a good experience long to be remembered.

THE SHEEP-KILLERS

By STANLEY WATERLOO

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I

THE NIGHT DOGS

HID in the gloom of the thicket that droops by the pasture's fence,
Lurking amidst the brushwood, gliding through rushes dense,
They are creeping, the half-wise devils, near where the helpless sleep,—
Then, growling, they burst from the covert, and—death to the startled sheep!

They yelp not as they harry, for behind the blood-lust is fear,
And keen is the farmer's eyesight and the rifle is ever near,
But they swirl over bush and tussock—both wether and ewe are weak—
And the Dogs of the Night are tireless, and it's ever the throat they seek!

They have drunk from the throats of their victims till every maw is full;
Their jaws drip with the blood-slaver and their fangs are clogged with wool;
And each slinks to the distant kennel, to offer an honest face
When the farmer comes out to his milking and there's life about the place!

II

THE DAY DOGS

Where the haunts of men are crowded, where the few consult alone,
Where the maws of the richer clamor, where the wealth is overgrown,
There they lurk in the rug-spread office, hungry for witless sheep,
And then, when the flock is startled and suddenly waked, they leap!

They are smug, with rounded bellies, but they're tireless in the chase;
Their jaws have the blood and the wool tufts; they are fat—but they can race!
And, after the hunt, they are pious, and they give in a ponderous way;
But—they are one and one, the sheep-killers, the Dogs of the Night and the Day!

A COMEDY OF MASKS

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

Author of "The Law of Life"

NEW YORK CITY

(Publication of this story was begun in January)

IX

MARGARET BENTLEY was conscious of keen disappointment when, on Mrs. Craig's return from the house-party she was told that Diana had refused Sir Henry. She had hoped that her rival's engagement with the baronet would leave her free to announce within the course of a month her own engagement to Hartley. To keep such a diamond from the public gaze seemed almost a crime.

But the sting of Justin's avowal that he had never really loved her made her determined to frustrate an engagement between him and Diana. She immediately sent a letter to Croftfield Manor, saying that she missed him; that she was very lonely in London.

Justin read this message with a sinking of the heart, hating himself for his momentary compassion, the price of which was to be a lifetime's bondage. Yet he knew that it was not only compassion. A sense of humor had made him quick in his response to her claim of his promise.

It was a dreary and undignified tangle, to resign himself to which he would need all his stock of hopeless patience. The memory of Diana's voice when she said "Justin," and the memory of her face as she had last looked at him, haunted him with intolerable suggestions of rapturous bliss. He knew that it was but a part of her comedy, yet had he been free he would have given her his soul to be her toy forever, to break if she would, to cast away if she would; but broken, or bruised, or forgotten, hers always.

Between himself and Sir Henry there was growing up these days a real and

vital friendship. The baronet, all unconscious that Justin was also a rejected suitor of Diana, yet felt the influence of a certain pensiveness in the young man's personality, as grateful to him in his wounded state as twilight to weary eyes. He divined that Justin, at some period, had joined the ranks of those who know spiritual suffering, as distinct an aristocracy as any ever created by kings. The two men, now alone together at the Manor, spent many hours in each other's society, in that kind of silent communion which is more fruitful of real and deep understanding than years of ordinary companionship. The American worked at his plans, the Englishman smoked, read or wrote. Both thought continually of Diana.

One day Sir Henry asked abruptly:

"When do you go back to the States, Morris?"

"As soon as these plans are finished."

"May I go with you?"

Justin looked up from his drawing-board with a curious questioning in his eyes.

"Go with me? I'd be delighted!"

"I've always wanted to see the States," Sir Henry said. "Most of us over here are unconscionably ignorant about them."

"Where would you like to go?" Justin asked, "to the United States or to New York."

"But my dear fellow, isn't your big city in the United States?"

Justin smiled.

"Geographically, yes, but you see we New Yorkers are an arrogant set, given to ignoring the bit of land beyond the North river."

"Bit of land! Don't you know how big your country is?"

Justin's smile deepened.

"It is rather big. Do you plan to travel through it?"

Sir Henry looked embarrassed.

"No, I think I will spend the most of my time in New York. Mrs. Craig has invited me to her country-seat, the Bishop to his town-house."

"Do not forget me. I have a room or two, a set of chambers, as they say over here. I'd like to put you up for as long as you would honor me."

"Thank you. I accept your invitation."

"Make my place your headquarters while you're in New York."

The warmth of Justin's tone was genuine though had he himself been free he would have conceded nothing to his rival but the chance of a fair contest. Being bound, and moreover liking Sir Henry, if he did not wish to see him rewarded, he would at least put no obstacle in his way. That the baronet was going over to renew his suit he had no doubt. Before leaving Croftfield Manor, Diana had announced her intention of sailing as soon as she could engage passage.

The next week Justin went up to London, agreeing to meet Sir Henry there just before they sailed.

His first visit was to Margaret. She met him without much demonstration of affection, for which he was profoundly grateful. In her light blue eyes was a gleam of queer humor.

"You ought to feel very proud," she said. "You are in the class with a baronet. Miss Mainwaring is looking for a duke, after all."

"Don't jest. I'm not in the mood for it, Margaret."

"But I am," she said lightly. "I wonder if the division of our married life will be the traditional difference of taste in jokes."

There was a curious independence in her manner, a half-mocking security which he could not quite understand,

but attributed to his recapture. It increased the repulsion that the sight of her had again aroused in him. He wondered how he had ever fancied himself in love with her. In the very excess of his misery he wished some days to marry her and have it over, since that was the next inevitable step.

Diana and the Gaylords had sailed. Mrs. Craig, hearing of the baronet's visit of America, and interested in advancing Margaret's happiness, asked Justin to engage passage for the whole party, including the Bishop and Hartley, who had suddenly discovered that urgent business was awaiting him in New York.

Margaret began her voyage with a certain apprehension, not of the chief actors, but of the audience. She could cross the ocean in company with Hartley and Justin without betraying her double role. Hartley was blind because he loved her, Justin because he loved someone else. What she feared were the keen eyes of the Bishop, the kind intentions of Mrs. Craig. Sir Henry only counted through the prestige his rank gave to their little party. Margaret mentioned his name frequently to the passengers she chanced to meet.

The little banker, devouring his secret passion, as far as so rosy and comfortable a person could, was impatient for a voyage to be over in which he was daily in danger of betraying himself and Margaret, whose orders concerning this matter were strict. He, too, was beginning to find her inflexible, but he called it strength of character.

His fear of offending her by disobedience to her wishes led him to the opposite extreme. On the other hand, Justin paid her a certain amount of attention carried through each day as rigidly as a task. The baronet was not in the least interested in Margaret, whose precise manners seemed to him too exact for the best breeding, but he was deeply interested in Justin, and a close observer of him. Justin's punctilious and some-

what overdone courtesies to the young lady of the party did not therefore escape him, and he pondered over them because they held an inexplicable element. They were persistent and perfect enough to be worthy of an engaged man, yet the spirit back of them seemed aloof and unwilling. Moreover, Sir Henry could by no stretch of his imagination picture his friend in love with this colorless blonde, whose character seemed as indefinite as the tints of her skin.

Talking with Mrs. Craig one morning as they paced the deck together, the conversation drifted to Justin. After a few words in brief, keen praise of the young architect, Sir Henry asked, rather to dispel an unpleasant illusion than to confirm a fact, if he were engaged to Miss Bentley.

"About to be, if not already," Mrs. Craig answered, adding, "It will be a reengagement. It was broken off a year ago."

"Indeed?" said the baronet in the voice that asks for further information.

"Yes; she broke it, but she suffered terribly and I think came to realize that it was her own fault."

"Lovers' quarrels?" Sir Henry asked tentatively.

"No, she fancied disloyalty."

"Ah, another woman in the case."

Mrs. Craig paused a moment.

"Yes, another woman—Diana Mainwaring."

The color left Sir Henry's face. With a visible effort he said:

"She was jealous of Miss Mainwaring?"

"Without the slightest reason. She fancied Justin in love with Diana, a fancy confirmed, she thought, by an accidental meeting between the two, of which she was a witness. On impulse—most engaged girls are impulsive—she broke her engagement."

"And—and Miss Mainwaring?"

"She attracts such dramatic incidents, as a magnet steel; and she is no more

to be blamed than the magnet. I have never known Diana when she wasn't living in a whirlpool of other people's emotions—she is the unmoved rock in the center. Even as a school-girl she was always creating tumults and looking calmly on."

Sir Henry pondered a moment, then stopped suddenly in his walk.

"May I speak to you as a friend?"

Mrs. Craig faced him, wondering what was coming.

"A man never takes a woman's 'no' as final, unless he is sure that she loves someone else—I am speaking, of course, of a woman of strong character who knows her own heart and her own mind. If he has that certainty, he retires from the field—it is his only honorable course; but he wants to be quite sure. Do you know whether—"

He paused embarrassed.

"Whether Diana is in love? I should think it very unlikely. I sometimes doubt her power to love."

"Then I know her better than you. I do not." He spoke with a calm certainty that seemed to Mrs. Craig a revelation of his essential nobleness of nature. He would not admit that paradox of Diana's personality, which made even her intimate friends sometimes regard her as heartless and cruel. Here was a knight who never doubted his lady, though her favors went to another.

"You think she could love? I wish, Sir Henry, you would teach her how. I have earnestly desired your happiness."

He bowed.

"I thank you from my heart. I would not take her 'no' as final: this," he added with a little attempt at humor, "is, therefore, a voyage of discovery."

Mrs. Craig thought of Diana's message of a year ago. At the time it had seemed to her only one of the girl's ever-ready jests. Now it awakened in her a questioning wonder. Did Diana sail away to discover the state of her own

heart? Could it be that she loved Justin Morris?

The matron again decided that it could not be possible.

After this conversation the baronet watched Justin and Margaret closely. That the girl might be in love with him he could readily imagine; that Justin was in love with her seemed incompatible with his knowledge of the young man's character. Yet they had once been engaged. Now an engagement implies at least that the man thinks he is in love. So far was so good in Sir Henry's defence of his friend. Men as strong and as clear of mind as Justin had imagined themselves in love with unworthy women. The next step in the argument brought him, however, face to face with a rival. Justin, to judge by his curious manner to Margaret, had, at some time or other, discovered that he was not really in love with her. Margaret had suspected Diana as the agent of this emotional discovery. Sir Henry also suspected her.

That night he had unexpected light on the subject from a strange quarter. Pacing the deck with eyes dreamily directed far out over a phosphorescent sea, and thinking as usual of Diana, he was brought back to consciousness of his present surroundings by bumping against the fat figure of the banker rushing along eagerly, as if to an appointment, and hardly stopping to reply to Sir Henry's apologies. A few moments later the baronet was fated to stumble again upon Hartley, but this time in the way of a metaphor. Changing the direction of his walk to another quarter, he became suddenly aware of two figures embracing under the shadow of a lifeboat, a shadow not so deep as to conceal the round person of the banker and the slender silhouette of Margaret. At the sound of footsteps they jumped apart. Sir Henry swung around instantly and disappeared in the nearest darkness.

As far as his crucial question was con-

cerned, the illumination afforded by this scene was chiefly negative. If Justin did not love Margaret, neither, apparently, did Margaret love him. Why, then, were they renewing an engagement to which neither of them brought, it would appear, even affection?

Why Margaret was embracing the banker—who seemed, by the way, a most suitable husband for her—Sir Henry did not particularly inquire of himself. She belonged to the type of woman, found in every rank of the social order, whose emotions, being unregulated, are without special significance.

The end of the voyage found the baronet only sure of two things: that he, himself, was wretched, and that Justin Morris was also in some kind of misery. The two men, stiff-backed and irrevocably reserved with each other, concerning all matters of the inner life, yet felt between them the bond of suffering.



One afternoon a fortnight later, Sir Henry was awaiting Diana in the drawingroom of her city home. He looked worn and tired; depressed by the haunting certainty of her refusal and physically wearied by the close heat of an American Summer. The great city had made only a faint impression upon him; not because he was insular or unappreciative, but for the reason that, like all lovers, he carried his own world with him. Whether he were in New York or London, Constantinople or Alaska, all places would seem the same.

The rustle of Diana's skirts awoke him from a deep reverie. He rose and came forward to meet her with an odd, dog-like look of devotion in his clear eyes: the look of one who, if he cannot be master, loves enough to be servant.

They talked for a few moments of conventional topics, the heat, the baronet's impressions of the town, his plans for sight-seeing; but he could not long

remain in this aridity of the non-significant.

"You know, of course, why I am come to this country," he began abruptly. "You are America to me."

She smiled.

"A whole nation resting on the shoulders of one woman. That is not fair to her."

"I am come to ask you again to be my wife; to ask for your—love."

"And again to make me seem cruel," Diana said in a low voice. "Sir Henry, I would give much to be able to say 'yes,' but that is the word not of our will but of our destiny. To you I cannot say it."

His face blanched.

"Is there—forgive me—someone to whom you could say it?"

The misery in her face answered him.

The inevitable was full upon him. He knew through all his suffering that his own course now lay straight before him—a dreary road, but both by experience and inheritance he was trained in that habit of obedience which forbids the questioning of a plain duty. If her happiness must come through another than himself, his part was still to work for it, as long as it was in his power to do so—then, honorably to step off the stage which for him held but the role of honor.

"May I ask why it is that you—"

She interrupted him, seeming fearful of what he might say.

"There is no future for me, but the one I have today chosen."

"And what is that?"

"I am going to enter a sisterhood; to train myself for work among the poor."

"Impossible!"

Again the faint smile lit her face.

"Why impossible? Have I seemed such a pagan to you that you cannot imagine me in the atmosphere of religion or religious service?"

"Oh, no, that is not it! You are too vital, too strong, too beautiful—"

"For the religious life? Odd words

from you, Sir Henry!"

He flushed.

"Between theory and practice a great gulf is fixed. Until I met you, I thought no woman too precious for the church. Now it seems to me that there are women whose lives would be most effective for the highest good in society, in the world. There were courtiers of King Charles the Martyr," he added, "who carried the aspirations of the saint into the very throne-room of the king. Van Dyke knew that, and when he painted their velvet and lace, their swords and gauntlets, he put into their eyes something which told it. You are like those courtiers, and you are needed in the world."

He had never spoken at such length to her, and the effort left him embarrassed. He arose and walked to the window, gazing out of it with unseeing eyes.

"So you think I ought to remain in the world?"

"I know you ought. The religious life, beautiful as it is, would inevitably become to you as a chain."

"If you are a prisoner, it is better to be chained to the highest—and not to the world. It is better to serve the poor than the rich."

She spoke with bitterness.

He turned and faced her.

"Is it inevitable—the chain?"

"Inevitable."

"When do you go to the sisters?"

"Next week. For some weeks I shall not even be a postulant; only a visitor—the Bishop thought it best. He, too, has been trying to dissuade me."

"May I ask on what grounds?"

"He wants my joy for the church, and that I cannot give him."

"You are not happy, then?" he asked, though he knew.

"My friend, only children and saints are happy. My childhood is long ago, and my sainthood is not begun."

He took her hand.

"May I entreat you to remain in the world? May I ask if there is any way I could aid in bringing happiness to you?"

"You are from the court of Charles," she answered smiling, "but there is nothing you can do; if you can, forgive me and remain my friend."

"There is nothing to forgive and much to bless you for," he said in a low, broken voice. "I desire your happiness above everything else."

"You are generous. You are noble," she cried. "Where I am going, I may learn at last how to be happy; that is, if the lesson is short enough for a lifetime."

He looked at her searchingly.

"If you are unhappy there must be a deep and vital reason. Could you trust me enough to tell me what it is?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"We should trust our friends only with our joys—that is, with pure gold—and leave the baser metal to the general guardianship."

"I would guard your gold."

"The treasury is empty."

"Let me guard, then, the treasury."

"You are a good and true man, Sir Henry. All that is in me of friendship is yours."

He took her extended hand and raised it to his lips.

"Heaven bless and keep you. I shall pray for your happiness."

He went away into the hot, dusty avenue, bearing with him the vision of her as she said farewell to him, a vision the years would not obscure. The dark, haunting eyes; the sweet, humorous mouth; the wistful, searching look; he would see these, he thought, against the dimness of death itself.

Many things were growing clear to him, his perceptions sharpened by his love. Recalling every memory of Diana and of Justin, and fitting these into the facts furnished by Mrs. Craig, he be-

lieved now that Diana was in love with Justin.

Whether Justin reciprocated this feeling he could not even conjecture. His inexplicable engagement to Miss Bentley seemed to annul all romantic possibilities, just as a toothache debars serious sympathy.

He began to watch his friend with that closeness of scrutiny which is born of a dread that the thing sought for may, indeed, exist: a dread, one of whose elements was the fear of losing his own friendship for Justin, should he prove a rival. Sir Henry, despite his religious bent of mind, came of a line of "old fighting fellows," jealous of their prerogatives both in love and war. It was one thing to seek to restore to Diana the happiness which was her lawful heritage, another to clasp the hand in comradeship of the man who might represent that happiness. The baronet, viewing the possibility of a romance between Diana and Justin, suddenly feared his own primitive instincts. His ancestors had carved their way to sainthood with the sword.

Hopeless as he knew his own case was, jealousy gripping him, he attached himself to Justin's person with the patient persistence of a detective. He would go nowhere without him, not even to a week-end at Mrs. Craig's country house.

Justin, for his part, was only half-conscious of this espionage. Liking Sir Henry, and knowing that he himself could now never marry Diana, prisoner as he was in the grasp of an iron maiden, the close companionship of the baronet, if it could not cheer him, at least did not greatly disturb him. Though there were days when the possibility of a marriage between the Englishman and Diana leaping in red light across his imagination made him long to take his guest by the throat and hurl him into the street.

Diana's retirement to a sisterhood,

though only as a visitor, so far from weakening this possibility, seemed to Justin to strengthen it. She was not naturally religious. What could such an act mean, but that she had come to a high degree under Sir Henry's influence; that her refusal of him was but the first step to her final acceptance of his heart and name: an acceptance for which this brief contemplation of holy things was a preparation—the subtlest of all compliments to a religious-minded bridegroom.

But Sir Henry's dejection seemed to give the lie to this picture of Diana approaching the altar by way of the shadowy cloister. The baronet's behavior and manner lacked that element of hope, as pervasive as sunshine, whose presence in the mind is as unmistakable as sunshine. He was dwelling, evidently, in a grayness which all Justin's jealousies could not color.

But even had he found his guest's presence oppressive, the greater oppression of his bond to Margaret would have annulled the other. His bi-weekly letters to the girl, still holding her office of secretary to Mrs. Craig, and living therefore at the country house; his occasional visits to her, from which he carried away only the memory of her inexplicable light-heartedness and half-veiled mockery of himself; these pressures of the chain seemed to fester his very soul. Across the torment in which he lived the vision of Diana passed and repassed with the gravity of an altar-piece, the mockery of a Columbine, and the wisdom of one who has visited many twilight.

Margaret, meanwhile, was thoroughly enjoying life. Though Diana in a sisterhood did not fit in with her plan of Justin's discomfiture, she was quite sure, being herself a creature of expedients, that her rival's retirement was but temporary. She was confident of Sir Henry's winning, for what woman of sense could resist Croftfield Manor and

an inheritance of lace and jewels three hundred years old?

The disturbing elements in her peace were Hartley's impatience for the proclamation of the engagement and the necessity for concealing the great diamond, which had become to her almost a sentient thing, a great divinity whose anger might be aroused by its long seclusion from its rightful throne. She spent hours in her room that she might feast not only upon its beauty but upon its size.

Her impatience to wear it was almost overcoming her patience of revenge. Matters must soon be brought to a crisis, for Hartley was fretting over a concealment which cut him off from so many prerogatives of his courtship. She could only pacify him by telling him that he must not put upon her the character of a coquette or the charge of fickleness through his haste to proclaim her his. Loving her deeply and believing her an angel, he shrank naturally from such an injustice. Margaret further urged that if he continued unhappy and unsatisfied he might lose flesh, a process for which the little man would almost have undergone early Christian martyrdom.

The Bishop, whose theory of the whole situation was taking on a clarity disturbing to the Episcopal peace of mind, only betrayed his superior knowledge in the usual way such knowledge is betrayed—by perfect and complete silence. Not Mrs. Craig's "I wonders" regarding a state of affairs which was beginning to mystify even her clear, matronly mind, could draw from him as much as an innocent "Do you think so?"

Diana's statement that she was in love; Diana's proposed joining of a sisterhood; her actual residence in the sisters' house; these were the elements of a mystery which haunted Mrs. Craig. She loved the girl too well not to wish to aid her now; to extricate her from whatever difficulty she might be in.

She had paid more than one visit to the house of the sisterhood, which was only a few miles from her country-place, but on these occasions Diana's manner, though sweet and friendly, forbade by a certain dignity any intimate questioning.

Mrs. Craig resolved to make one more visit of investigation, exercising her right of a life-long friendship to ask the girl directly for whom she was giving up the joys of her natural heritage.

So one afternoon in late September she drove over the hills, faintly colored with early Autumn touches, to the rambling set of buildings which formed the house of the sisterhood. Here postulants and novices received the beginning of a training which was finished in the city house.

Diana, as a visitor, had full freedom to come and go, to linger in library, chapel or garden as she would. Mrs. Craig found her seated on a stone bench in a remote part of the gardens, reading, not a prayer-book, as might be expected, but some reports of the tenement-house commission; a work on sociology lay beside her.

Mrs. Craig smiled as, seating herself, she glanced at the title of the book.

"You will never be a mystic, Diana mia, no matter what habit you hide in."

"No, I am no mystic. I have told them here that I have only the grace of being practical, so I am allowed to prepare myself for my work in my own way."

"Your work among the poor may contradict the knowledge obtained from books."

"Doubtless, but I at least will have had some interesting reading."

Mrs. Craig took the reports away and clasped Diana's hands impulsively.

"Sweet, I can't see you go into the mists of philanthropy without crying out for the old sunlight; even the old gay heartlessness. The poor of the East Side don't need you,

but the poor on the Avenue do."

"Ursula, I'm not leaving the poor on the Avenue, as you call them. I'm not leaving anyone, I hope. I couldn't bear that loneliness."

Her eyes looked toward the distant western hills, solemn and withdrawn in the late afternoon light.

"Will you be nearer us in spirit? I doubt it."

"Oh, don't say that!"

Pain was in her voice. Mrs. Craig saw her advantage.

"You are leaving the Summer roses, the sweetness of homely, tender things; you are leaving some great happiness, Diana, and you know it, for treatises on the tenements and dry books on social problems."

"Someone has to deal with them."

"Leave them to people who can make no homes; to women who can hold no children against their breasts—"

Diana rose to her feet pale and tragic.

"O, you torture me, Ursula! You torture me. Did you come here to do it!"

She stood for a moment looking with the appeal of despair into Mrs. Craig's astonished eyes, then sank on her knees by the stone bench and buried her face in her hands.

Mrs. Craig touched the soft hair tenderly.

"Diana of mine," she said in a voice that was not quite firm. "Do you think that I would come here to torture you, when I have no other wish but to make you happy?"

Diana made no reply, but she lifted her head at last and gazed into her friend's face.

"Dear, forgive me. I am not very happy these days—and I—"

"Diana, whom is it you love?"

"No one whom I can have—that is the whole of it—ask me nothing more, if you love me."

"Diana mia, I can't let it be this way."

The smile, reminiscent of so many

marvelous humors in this girl, again curved her lips.

"It is the only way. It will be wholesome and right and bracing for me in the end. There are other things in life but loving."

She put her hand on the sociology book as if it were a talisman, perhaps a straw to which she clung.

Mrs. Craig sighed and answered nothing; both had passed the gate beyond which speech is of little significance.

Their long silence brought them quietly back at last to the conventional and obvious topics. Diana volunteered to show her the gardens, then the library, which possessed some

illuminated missals of great value.

At the end of this tour of inspection Mrs. Craig ordered her carriage. While they were waiting Diana said:

"I want to give you something of mine to keep—to take out if you should ever doubt me; and, looking at it, to remember, and understand."

She left the room and returned with a bundle. Mrs. Craig took it and asked no questions. She held Diana long in her arms when she bade her goodbye.

On the way home, she opened the package. It contained a black silk domino, a little velvet mask and a little silver moon.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"PAPA"

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY

By NEWT. M. EVANS

ISOLA, MISSISSIPPI



"OUT OF THE WORLD"

(LETTER FROM A WESTERN RANCHMAN TO A HARVARD
CLASSMATE IN BOSTON)

By ROBERTUS LOVE

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

YES, I know I'm "out of the world" here, as you fellows say back East,
For I'm fifty miles from a theater and forty miles from a priest;
And there isn't a dude within hearing, however so loud his dress,
Nor a woman of fashion and folly. . . . But I'm happy, nevertheless.

I know that you can't comprehend it, you fellows who live in the Hub.
You'd be horribly shocked to hear me refer to my dinner as "grub."
And your specs would leap off your noses if I told you I never read
Except to find out about prices of cattle and coal and feed.

I've grown rather free and easy since I rowed in the eight on the Thames,
And cribbed for examinations, and flirted with fairies and dames;
Yes, I've chucked all my Harvard culture and its steering-gear overboard.
Out here that sort is a luxury that most of us can't afford.

Why, I've even forgotten my forbears—with a rugged and ruthless glee
I've applied the Washington hatchet to my ancient family tree.
Daddies don't count here in Kansas, where every man's measured out
According to what HE amounts to—and not whence he happens to sprout.

Yes, I've lightered my cargo of all things except what I need for the pull,
And I'm hitting a hot pace for winning, with the health and the heft of a bull.
I have freedom that's independence, and my claim and a cattle range
That's bigger than Massachusetts — and I tell you it's good, for a change!

Come out here, boy, and I'll show you how wide a fellow can grow,
When he severs tradition's hawsers and quits being pulled in tow.
I find things here to consider that I never did find in the books,
And I tell you that living "out of the world" is not half so bad as it looks.

You fellows stick there in New England and climb your ancestral trees,
And look with disdain on us heathen who reach hardly up to your knees
In the matter of family standing; but just let me give you a tip:
We're as proud of ourselves as the peacocks, and the rest of it ain't worth a rip!

Why, there's more real culture in Kansas, and more high thinking out here
(Of the nature that Emerson wrote of) in a day than you see in a year;
For we're building a new boat for Progress, and we're training the crew that
will win:
And though we are "out of the world" now, when we want to we'll pull in!

AROUND THE ROCK

BEING SOME PERSONAL NOTES MADE IN AND ABOUT
GIBRALTAR, THE Fortress Key of the
MIDDLE SEA

By POULTNEY BIGELOW, M. A., F. R. G. S.

AUTHOR OF "WHITE MAN'S AFRICA," "CHILDREN OF THE NATIONS," ETC.

IT happens to be Gibraltar — but it might have been Bermuda or Hong Kong, Capetown or Singapore — for wherever Great Britain plants her flag, there, too, she rears her dignified Government House, wherein she installs a representative of the king's rule, who gives garden parties; and there you see the bishop and all the other colonial functionaries dressed as for Hyde Park, no matter what the thermometer may say to the contrary. At the entrance gate paces the stolid "Tommy Atkins," to whom Hindo, Parsee, Chinaman and Spaniard are all one so long as the government provides him with beer and tobacco.

With Tommy Atkins we get sanitary inspection, well paved streets, quiet and efficient policemen and shops with honest goods at free trade prices.

My luggage had been plundered by some needy official of sunny Italy on the way from Munich to Genoa, and consequently it was mainly with a view to purchasing some much needed articles of wearing apparel that I tramped up the main street of Gibraltar one mild, sunshiny January day of 1903.

Up one street and down another I tramped until I had seen every blind alley and courtyard of this up-and-down town which leans against a big rock. Everywhere I found the broom of the public sweeper cleaning out the bad microbes and making room for the sweet, strong tonic of the sea salt. My friend Jose told me that all the sewage was taken away and burned — he took me out to see the place, for fear I might not believe him. Jose is a Span-

iard by speech, but spurns the title so far as allegiance is concerned. He proudly claims the distinction of being a "rock scorpion," a citizen of Gibraltar, as we of Massachusetts revel in the name of Yankee; as the Frenchman of Louisiana brags of Creole blood, and as the native of Natal desires to be known as Afrikander.

Jose, by the way, accosted me in the office of the cable company. He flattered my vanity by mistaking me for Baltimore's most brilliant citizen, Stephen Bonsal, whose daring ride through Morocco is remembered throughout this part of the world. Jose was visibly cast down when I regretfully admitted that I was not the illustrious author for whom he mistook me, but when I boldly claimed acquaintance with his Baltimore benefactor, he offered me his house, his wife,—everything. This was something of an hospitable hyperbole, seeing that Jose was a bachelor. But I was none the less grateful to him. He took me to his home and I discovered that he was not merely the traditionally generous Spaniard, he was also the editor of a newspaper which had been known, in times of great popular excitement, to reach a sale of more than 900 copies in a single day.

Jose appealed to his foreman, who confirmed unhesitatingly this otherwise reckless statement. By way of additional proof, he waved me into the offices. There was a composing-room as big as the kitchen of a New York uptown flat. In this was a hand-press worked by two lads of about twelve years of age, who were grinding out

handbills at the rate of one or two a minute. No one was in much hurry, least of all the youthful sub-editors at the crank handle. The foreman said he was glad that William McKinley was now president of Cuba, spoke cheerfully of Benjamin Franklin, for whom he entertained a high respect as a fellow craftsman—indeed, he went so far as to pronounce him the greatest of living Americans. I agreed with him, and ventured to think that Franklin would keep on living at the same rate for some time to come.

The editorial room was a hole in the wall, whose light came from a dark hallway; there was a chair and a small table. I saw no waste-basket—there was room for none—but the Rock of Gibraltar has many goats, and I have it on the word of Jose that a Christmas tree, including candles and tinware, was eaten by one such, and that, considering the high rent of floor space, a goat in the back yard is the means by which rejected manuscript may be most economically rendered harmless. Jose took me into his apartment and placed me at the feet of a beautiful and amiable lady. His niece, so he said. She smiled as I clumsily trampled upon her graceful Castilian mother tongue in my efforts to apologize for breaking in upon her morning hours. She said Spanish was easy to learn. I said: "No doubt, Senora, with a teacher like you." This caused her to show a large number of beautiful teeth, while she left between them just room enough for several soft chuckles.

"Do you think I would make a good teacher?" she laughed and looked at me out of the corners.

She said her name was Rita—anyway, she had big, beautiful, innocent eyes, and I told her I would rather stay and have Spanish lessons from her than go off hunting after statistics with her uncle.

"What will you give me if I teach

you Spanish?" she said.

Jose was just then in the composing compound using profane language for the benefit of the rotary-press gang, and when that was attended to he was called aside by a messenger of the Eastern Telegraph Company; so I told Senora Rita that if she would keep on with her Spanish instruction she could make pretty much her own terms—unto the half of my stolen baggage.

Now it so happened that I had in my pocket tickets for the masked ball that night, and it so happened that Senora Rita adored dancing.

"And would the kind Senora teach the poor lone Yankee the Sevillana dance, as well as the speech of Castile!"

"We shall see—I can teach anything to a pupil who is *simpatika*!"

This was getting dangerous, for my Puritan bringing-up warned me that all pleasures here below are provided by the devil—that to be good you must cultivate whatever is uncomfortable. So I compromised by squeezing a ticket for the dance into her hand and then hurrying away with the garrulous Jose—to soak my head in a cold bath of statistics. While Jose was getting his hat she informed me that she sometimes carried a red rose in her left hand at the ball.

But it was all mighty interesting, and if I were Uncle Sam I would transplant that whole Jose outfit from Gibraltar and set it up in St. Louis. It would be as picturesque in its way as the caravels of Columbus at the Chicago World's Fair—and just as useful. It would not take much room, for there would be nothing much to transport—the hand-press, with the two boys, and the little sanctum chair and table—the whole would go in a couple of piano cases. The whole staff of editorial writers, reporters, dramatic critics, war correspondents, weather sharps, obituary novelists and book reviewers would take no more room

than the genial limits of Jose himself, who is the Poobah of this whole concern.

He asked me if I had seen Linea. I said that I had been wrecked there—close to the bull ring—but was eager to see it from the land side. We chartered a plump little pony attached to a light phaeton and driven by another “rock scorpion”—a Spaniard who weighed 200 pounds—who appeared as proud upon his tiny box as though he were tooling the crack turnout at a coach parade. And that is a charming feature of Spain: this fine capacity to imagine yourself the center of the earth for the time being, and yet not be offensive. You meet a man on a donkey in the interior and get to talking with him, and soon you learn that he has the finest donkey of the province, and so far from envying any man, he it is who is satisfied that he is exciting the admiration, if not the envy, of his neighbors. If I met that same sort of an outfit in the mountains of Colorado or Nevada the cavalier would be sure to hold his burro in contempt, and would talk of the fine horse he meant to have when his mine had been developed. We Americans preach contentment, but we despise the people who are contented. The true Spaniard is thoroughly contented.

In Gibraltar I tried to find a lame mule, or one with signs of ill treatment. I looked in vain. From the plump little cab ponies to the long-legged mules dragging heavy freight for the ships in port, all come under the humanizing hypnotism of British law. In vain did I inquire for an unhappy dog, cat, donkey, horse or mule. At the entrance to Gibraltar is a warning from the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to the effect that man should be humane to animals. That sufficed—the police did the rest. There is the same sign at the entrance to Oran, but there it is a dead letter; it is not supported by public sentiment. In Linea the first mule I met was lame.

But let me hasten to say in parenthesis that, as far as my observation goes, the average natural man is pretty much the same, whether in Spain or Servia, France or the United States. He who understands his horse is the one who gets the best work out of him, and mere selfishness induces the prudent driver to keep his animal in good condition. It is mainly in the cities—in Madrid, in Naples, Paris, Belgrade, Peking and New York that we are struck with the harshness of men to their animals. If we look closer we will probably note that cruelty springs from ignorance rather than an intention to do harm; that in cities many people are permitted to take charge of animals who do not understand them, who do not own the animals they drive and who think that flogging is the way to add energy to a hungry and weary creature. Aside from the laws on the subject, the London cabby is perhaps the most humane of that fraternity, because he is accustomed to horses from childhood. The Paris cocher, on the other hand, is apt to be an unfrocked priest, or some such mysterious thing, who has taken to driving a cab as the last refuge in a life of failure.

We drove gaily down the splendid asphalt street which extends through Gibraltar to the gate of the fortress—a gate that has been guarded by Phoenicians, Romans, Moors, Spaniards and heaven knows how many others ever since the human race came down from its tree and commenced to plunder for a living. Today the gate is guarded by a regiment of long-service, stolid, well-tanned Britons who smoke short pipes and wear the khaki that has become fashionable since the Boer war. You can see the same Briton today in Ceylon and Bloemfontein, Barbadoes or Calcutta; every day he turns out to play football or cricket and doesn't know what homesickness is, for he has with him all that makes home dear to us.

I had a pass that permitted me to roam about freely until gun-fire, which is about dusk, when all the strangers have to leave Gibraltar excepting such as have special police permission to remain later. The last gun goes at about nine, and whoever is not home by that time may sleep outside the gates. Little things of this kind indicate that we take things seriously at Gibraltar.

So soon as we had passed the gate, we struck out upon a beautifully kept, broad, macademised highway leading to Spain across the so-called neutral territory, a strip barely a mile long and but a few hundred yards wide, on which no house may stand save sentry boxes at short intervals, which represent the joint supervision of Alfonso and John Bull. On the British side these boxes seemed as close together as the Venetian posts that mark the course of the Henley regatta. Between these closely planted stakes there pace incessantly a succession of sentinels in khaki, putties and broad-brimmed felt hats, guarding their rock from sea to sea, foot by foot.

The neutral zone is under Spanish control to the extent that to Spain is entrusted the work of local police. It was not difficult to discover the limit of British jurisdiction, even without reference to the uniforms of the sentry, for suddenly the beautifully macademised roadway ceased and there began a horrible bumpety-bump—the road became a wilderness of stones and mud-holes. Then we knew that we were in Spain.

Linea could be seen distinctly ahead of us as our pony tugged us slowly along amidst a large crowd of Spaniards picking their way with difficulty down this horrible highway. The wealthier ones were astride of donkeys, or even in wagons, but the great majority, being day laborers, had to get over the ground as well as they could afoot.

Having some familiarity with Pekin,

this visit to Linea was not much of a novelty, although interesting as an evidence of human capacity to survive filth and stench. Along this road was posted a succession of Spanish frontier guards mounted as dragoons on small horses who seemed very tired of standing listlessly at this dreary and malodorous work.

The Spaniards hereabouts are credited with a cordial aversion to the English, with a disposition to throw stones at them when they pass through the place on their way to polo or hunting or golf in the territory beyond the lines of sentinels. If this be true, and I have it on good authority, it confirms the maxim of Pudd'nhead Wilson that, as between a dog and a Spaniard, the difference is that a dog will not bite the hand of his benefactor.

When the British took the Rock of Gibraltar 300 years ago its most interesting inhabitants were the scorpions, which have furnished the nickname for the genuine inhabitants. British liberty and law have since attracted a population closely suggesting that of Hong Kong in density and prosperity. In each case there is not standing-room for all those who wish to crowd in, and consequently the great bulk of would-be British subjects have to find board and lodging elsewhere. In Hong Kong they drip over the edges into sampans and live afloat under the protection of the harbor police. At Gibraltar they tramp away each evening and return the following morning, enriching by their earnings Linea and other places in the neighborhood.

Gibraltar is officially credited with a population of about 20,000. It would be 200,000 were there room. The rock grows nothing—Hong Kong is equally barren. But in each case freedom of trade and liberality in administration have attracted all the population that can possibly be accommodated. Rents in Gibraltar are relatively high. So they

are in Hong Kong, and for the same reason.

Linea is merely the nearest Spanish suburb of Gibraltar. The whole population of the place, 60,000, lives from British wages, or smuggling, or by raising things for the Gibraltar market. Each morning there migrate into British territory some 8,000 Spanish workmen, who find employment in the dockyards, in the quarries, in still further strengthening a fortress already credited with invulnerability. Each evening this Spanish proletariat rolls back again, taking along the dollars that delight the shopkeepers of Spain. Beside these day laborers, Gibraltar has a thousand or more Spanish domestic servants whose families live in Linea, and to this we must add the army of market people who each day drive in their little donkeys laden with vegetables, milk, butter, chickens and other table necessities. No wonder, then, that this little Linea has a population of at least 60,000, to say nothing of many other places in the neighborhood whose prosperity depends upon the British guard to barren rock.

We bumped and floundered along through the "neutral territory" at a slow walk, for fear of breaking our springs, and at length reached the Spanish cordon—consisting of barbed wire stretched the whole way across from the Mediterranean to the inner harbor. There was, beside, a lane of sentinels in Spanish uniforms, who paced listlessly from one box to the other. It seemed very grotesque and wasteful; unworthy of a Christian nation.

At the Spanish line we were stopped by gendarmes and frontier soldiers, who informed us that our Gibraltar carriage was not allowed to pass into Spanish territory unless we paid a tax of three dollars. With a politeness suggesting irony, we were informed that this payment would entitle us to remain in

Linea for three months! One glance at the streets convinced me that thirty minutes there would load me with microbes enough to start a bacteriological laboratory, so I waived this offer and the little fat Gibraltar pony waited for us outside the gates.

Jose knew the customs chief, and so we were spared the "massage" to which our fellow travelers were subjected. This treatment consists in a search of the traveler's person—highly undignified and almost as humiliating as that of New York. Each arrival at Linea is compelled to hold up his arms while the official fumbles his pockets, his sleeves, his undershirt and the territory between his legs. This is the preliminary search. After going a few paces he is searched again by another functionary, after which he is permitted to go home. Every night some 8,000 of poor, tired people have to wait in line until each can be searched.

In New York our returning passengers are searched in the same manner—men and women; moreover, insult is added to injury, for the American is first compelled to sign a declaration that he has nothing contraband in his baggage, and then he is tacitly accused of perjury by having his baggage shaken out over the steamer wharf by a gang of licensed ruffians who sit in judgment as to what articles of underwear an American lady should have as her outfit.

However, this is a digression, and it is liable to make me unpopular with politicians who think that protectionism is a fine growth of American flavor. They would be much surprised to find in Spain fellow protectionists who argue just as they do regarding the beauties of the tariff.

Tariff, by the way, is a Spanish thing—the word as well as the idea. It comes from the fort called Tariffa, not far from Gibraltar—it was the Moorish port through which customs tribute was collected some thousand years ago. The

name has stuck, and now symbolizes our form of raising revenue.

The streets of Linea were, if possible, worse than the road over which we had just traveled. Though it was a fine, breezy day, the stench suggested Canton or the canals of Manila. True it is that my visit to Manila was in August of 1898, but Major Irons of the United States army assures me that the smells about the Pasig have altered but slightly either in intensity or quality since the city changed hands.

Linea does not exist officially. So far as Madrid is concerned, the fiction is maintained that along this line that separates Spanish from British jurisdiction there is nothing save a small garrison of 300 soldiers and functionaries who are there to prevent smuggling. It would be a most damaging and unpatriotic admission to make—that the presence of England on this Spanish rock could call into life a prosperous town of 60,000 inhabitants, to say nothing of a flourishing hinterland of as many again! So the government of Alfonso treats this city as non-existent; refuses to have the streets cleaned; refuses to allow the Gibraltar government to build a good road; refuses to allow a tram-line from one place to the other; refuses to build a lighthouse; refuses everything that could add to the comfort of the people who pay the taxes—in other words, acts on the policy that dirt and disease, vice and crime being the things most distasteful to a decent British community, it must be good policy to encourage these. Linea is a good sample of this policy.

All the convicts who have served their time in the Spanish penal colonies on the Morocco shore opposite are dumped out on the beach nearest to Gibraltar and there given permission to start life anew in their own way. This may involve a certain period of residence in Linea. Jose thinks that there are good and bad in Linea as well as in all other

towns, and I am sure he means what he says. But even though Linea be no worse than other towns, it has a name which discourages desirable people from settling there for educational purposes.

Jose was so kind as to present me to various notables of the place—the chief of police, the head of the municipal council amongst others, but I did not extract much that was edifying from them. They are credited with drawing their salary mainly through smugglers.

Of course there was a church in Linea—a shabby thing with broken windows—also a market full of evil smells, likewise a bull-ring with a chapel, wherein the torador can obtain absolution prior to torturing the bull. On paper, Linea has almost everything attributed to an orthodox Spanish town; it needs only one thing—a good scrubbing with carbolic soap and annexation to Gibraltar.

From Linea we drove back across the neutral belt of mud and stones and then along the line of British pickets, past a racetrack and football field to the edge of the sea, and so on under the rock until the road went no further—for we had reached the little fishing village of Catalan (or St. Catherine, as the soldiers call it.)

Here was a little community—only a few hundred nestling in a wrinkle of the great rock—practically the same people in language, religion, traditions and appearance as the people of Linea a bare mile away. Yet in Catalan there was health—a tidy church, clean streets, well dressed people, street lamps well trimmed, a good supply of water, of which I drank gratefully. We called on the village priest and found him teaching his school with the assistance of a big girl and an earnest-looking young man—for it was a mixed school, all in one room. The padre had something which looked like a razor strop in one hand, and his pupils looked interested

in him and their work. He was a cheery, energetic Spaniard (by extraction), and explained to me that they were preparing for examinations. He said there was much emulation because when the new docks should be finished there would be much demand for well trained young men in clerical positions. He was, therefore, laying much stress upon the English language, and particularly upon arithmetic and problems in weights and measures of English and other standards. The padre's flock looked half English and half Spanish, owing to much intermarriage between the men of the garrison and the rock maidens. Indeed, looking about the schoolroom, it was a human picture which might have been duplicated in Ireland—even in England.

A small detachment of the garrison regiment is stationed here—about fifty, I should say. They were all seasoned married men, relieved every three months. The padre found them very well behaved and said they never had quarrels in the place. To me Catalan seemed more like a little Clovelly of Devonshire than anything belonging to Spain.

Of course we went to see what we could of the fortress itself: enough to

make us appreciate the strength of the place; for this great rock, which has some resemblance to Anthony's Nose in the Hudson Highlands, is carved out inside into galleries which wind about and open out now and then at holes big enough to allow the guns to be aimed; and these guns, it is needless to say, are the best that money can buy or brains put in position. Gibraltar once stood a siege of more than three years and she is ready for another. She has broad parts of the rock prepared to receive rainwater and pass it on into subterranean tanks, as at Aden. She has food stored up ready for an emergency and a port full of men-of-war and coal.

As we drove once more over the well kept asphalt, a boy ran out of the Eastern Telegraph Company's office with a message calling Jose at once to Cadiz—and that night Rita gave me her first lesson. The moon was full and we strolled under the palms of the beautiful Alameda after the dancing had come to an end. Below us lay the men-of-war in the harbor; the bells could be plainly heard announcing the middle watch. Far away stretched the blue Mediterranean to the Atlas mountains on the African shore; above us the vast, protecting fortress.

FOREST HYMN

By ALOYSIUS COLL

CONNELLSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

THE year is young and tender where I stand,
Communing with the oak and larch and pine,
Where hoary ages wave the magic wand
Of spawn and corm, and spore and root and spine!

What is a year to these—the forest kings,
The patriarchs of frost and rain and wind?—
By grain of sand and sip of gravel springs
They build their bulk by inches, rind on rind!

By pinch of pollen dust, and hint of dew,
Fillet of fiber, knur and breaking bud,
The sloth of time has reared the oak and yew,
And sweetened every heart with silver blood.

For every hoyden breeze that lifts the screen
Of Summer leaves to Autumn's gust of grief,
There comes a virgin blush of pink and green—
A blossom of the Springtime, and a leaf.

Till now, in stolid grace, the murmuring trees
Proclaim by little circles in the wood
How many Summers of the centuries,
Reborn with every season, they have stood.

Behold! how many circles, from the shell,
The shuttle of age has woven to the core
Of these great oaks, whose acorns rose and fell
To rib the homes of men that are no more!—

Whose seed, grown old the patriarchs of seed,
Have pillared cities long ago decayed,
While these, the forest kings, yet bloom and bleed,
Magnificent, eternal, undismayed!

O Master of the mountain and the mole!
O Lord of beating heart and bursting bud!
Why give the stolid oak, without a soul,
Without the sacred fire of flesh and blood,

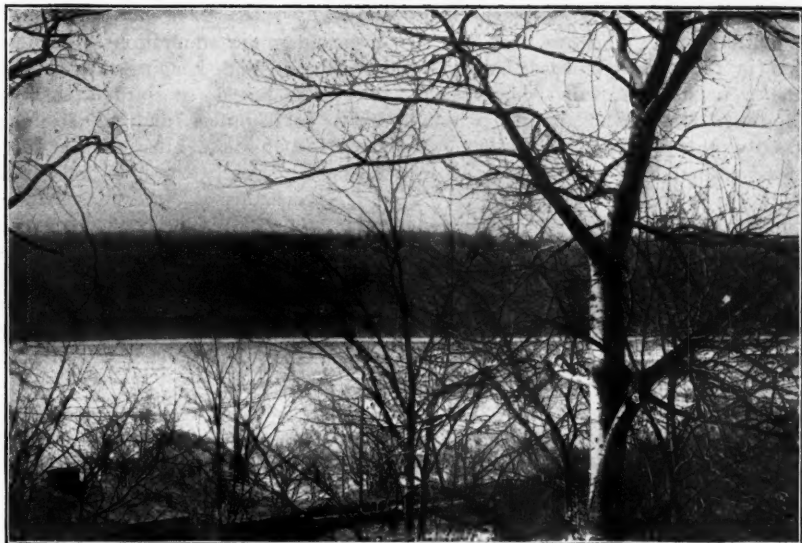
The noble use of years on golden years,
While breathing man, corroded with the rust
Of early age and mildew of his tears,
Falls in the storm and crumbles to the dust?

Give him—the least and humblest of his kind —
The multiplying years of yonder oak—
And he'll outwonder sun and rain and wind,
The flight of clouds, and star and thunder-stroke.

The giants of the gulch and plain and hill
That gave his father's fathers gentle shade—
He hacks into the fragments of his will,
And levels to the mosses with his blade.

He pounds to pulp the marvels of an age,
That saw the scions of his breed decay,
And prints upon them, as a vesper page,
His proud achievement of a single day!

O Forester of the saplings and the trees!
O Master of the mountain and the mole!
Why nerve the stolid oak with centuries,
And stint the flying moments of the soul?



THE POTOMAC AT ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, FROM THE SOUTH VERANDAH OF PROSPECT COTTAGE, WHERE MRS. SOUTHWORTH LIVED AND DIED

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH AT PROSPECT COTTAGE

"AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Author of "South Sea Idyls," Exits and Entrances," etc.
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

WHEN I was quite a boy of sixteen, far away from my California home and desperately homesick, I used to spend my weekly allowance of pocket-money—it was never enough to worry me—in the purchase of the New York Ledger and other family story papers. I felt that I must do this or perish; my mind should be occupied, my imagination fired and fed or I would go mad in my exile.

The truth is, I found western New York so slow after the lawlessness and vigilance committees of my loved San Francisco that a tonic, a stimulant of

some kind was necessary to reawaken my interest in life; therefore I devoured the New York Ledger and adored its then famous contributors.

This devotion, coupled with the pastoral beauties of Genesee county, in the midst of which the seminary I attended was set—to say nothing of love's young dream—bred in me a desire to woo the muse and an indescribable longing which I fear was none other than a thirst for fame. In my vanity I aspired to heaven, even the seventh heaven of literary immortality; ambition swelled me to undue proportions: vaulting

ambition which o'erleaps itself landed me in the correspondents' column of the venerable Waverly Magazine of Boston, Massachusetts, where my verses were accepted but providentially never printed.

It was in the dear old Ledger I was proud to meet and become familiar with Emerson Bennett and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., those noble progenitors of the prolific tribe of latter-day American historical novelists; they made their successes as fine in their way, and sometimes finer, than any of the ephemeral literary sensations of the modern Historical Homeopathists.

Of all the contributors to the Ledger of that period there was one who was queen of my heart. Did I not hang breathlessly from week's end to week's end, awaiting the deliverance of the beautiful heroine from evil and the inevitable soul-satisfying reward of virtue? Western New York in the late fifties would have been for me a desert waste but for the witchery of a certain pen and the trust I reposed in the magic hand that wielded it. My cheek has rivaled the lily, my heart stopped and my eyes filled as I shared in the adventures of Capitola the Madcap. Devil's Hoof, Devil's Run and Hurricane Hall—were not these the favorite haunts of my fancy? The weekly instalments of these stories was all that made my tiresome school-days endurable, so long as a story was continued in our next.

Consider, then, with what pleasure I read in the bound copy of the well-worn book lying open before me, the copy recopyrighted thirty years after the first appearance of the story in the New York Ledger, that: "'The Hidden Hand, or Capitola the Madcap' is by all odds the most popular story ever published. We doubt if, in all the range and realm of literature, there has ever been a heroine who could vie with the captivating madcap Capitola

in exciting the admiration of readers, or winning and keeping their hearts. She is so bright, so spirited, so sagacious, so dauntless, and yet so innocent and childlike, that she at once takes all readers captive and holds them enchained by her fascinations clear to the last page of the narrative. Millions of copies of 'The Hidden Hand' have been sold," etc., etc.

Does this not warrant me in the confession of my youthful literary loves? What though it be the publisher's notice I quote from; we know that even publishers may have their preferences; that they are human, tempted alike as we are.

Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth was one of the most popular novelists of her time. It seemed to me, when I first began to read her, that she was the greatest writer of—well, of all time. Again and again in my boyish enthusiasm I said to myself:—"If I could only know her or even see her, or know or see someone who knows or has seen her, it would make me proud and happy for a long while to come."

I did not, at the moment, write to her and loudly proclaim my passion, which I now think remarkable, for a little later the autograph fever seized me and I went so far out of my head as to write to almost everybody, and thus to make many precious friends whom I was never to know in the flesh.

Ages ago, George William Curtis said, in a letter to me: "One of the chief joys of authorship is the knowledge it brings us of unknown friends." Later I was personally to learn how very true that is. I now feel certain that had I then written to my literary goddess, she would have smiled upon me and made my homesick heart the happier for it.

I left school and went drifting about in the world. My knowledge of books increased; my taste broadened; I began to look back upon those school-days and the Ledger literature as half-for-



*To Professor Charles Warren Stoddard
With the love of -
Emma D. E. N. Southworth*

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH

gotten dreams. Years rolled by—O, so many of them—and it came my turn to be called doctor and professor. Now, I always hated school and feared my masters; I hate and fear them still with youthful enthusiasm, and the irony of fate was never better exemplified than when it set me up in a chair of English literature at an ill-starred university where, if I did nothing worthier, I at least lulled my listeners to slumber. If anybody dared to waken anybody else in my class I didn't care for him after that. Is it not written,

"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

One day when driving with a friend in a suburb of Washington, D. C.,—it was one of those ethereal Spring days that make the climate of the District of Columbia almost endurable, for the moment—she said to me: "Have you been to see Mrs. Southworth yet?" I had not and confessed the fact. "Then let us call on her," added my friend, and immediately one of the smartest turnouts in the capital of the nation was heading for good old Georgetown. It was more than a dozen years ago when we passed

the college gates and drew up at the brow of a hill where the grass-grown street ran violently down a steep place onto the aqueduct, and so escaped dryshod to the farther shore under Arlington Heights.

On our right as we faced the river nestled a cottage that had become a kind of shrine. I say "nestled" because the cottage was half hidden among the branches of the trees that embowered it and looked as cosy as a dove-cote in its airy grove. It hung upon the very brink of the hill; its lower story is below the street in the rear of it, but jutting out into a terraced garden, from whose ultimate hedges one might have cast oneself headlong into the canal that borders the edge of the northern shore of the Potomac. Its western windows were bathed in the sunset glow and the river, far below it, was a river of life and light; its eastern windows opened on breezy heights where the goats skipped nimbly in a tree-filled, vacant lot; the south verandah, up among the treetops, hung like a fairy gallery before the Virginia slopes, and in the deep valley between them flowed the noble Potomac, famed in song and story. Above the aqueduct the river lost itself among the verdant hills; below, it spread like a wilderness of waters as it wended its way toward the distant Chesapeake.

From the leafy heights of Georgetown we looked down upon that crustaceous swamp which is the heart of the City of Magnificent Distances and the haunt of malaria, mosquitoes and mugwumps; and where for the moment flourishes the ever-boiling-over politician who is laboring under the disadvantage of an ingrowing reputation that may eventually become extremely painful.

What a blessed relief to turn again to the modest nest among the trees where peace hovered her innocent brood. No one was stirring there; the cottage seemed under the spell of en-

chantment. I looked down into the lower garden. A flock of sparrows fluttered to the ground like a handful of withered leaves and there waltzed and capered fitfully; if there ever was a feathered hoodlum it must have been the English sparrow. We were summoned to the cottage door; we entered; how simple, how serene was everything; in that house the atmosphere was subtle and magnetic; it took me in its arms and covered me as with a garment.

She who gave us welcome entered with a stately but noiseless tread; she might have stepped out of one of her own romances of old plantation days, so fine she was and with such distinction; tall, slender, a little bent as if in eagerness to receive you; a beautiful, pale face, silver hair hidden under a fold of lace that fell upon her bosom; eyes limpid and melting with sympathy; a low, sweet voice; her whole air giving one the impression of softest silk, old laces and sweet lavender. The very woman for such a home, dove-like and delightful.

O! school-boy days and school-boy dreams, how the memory of you rushed back upon me and turned me hot and scarlet and struck me dumb!

How fortunate for me that I have one of those patent breakable hearts that are warranted to last indefinitely under any possible strain. It was a pleasant call we made and a quiet one. I felt myself irresistibly drawn to this exquisitely feminine woman; one must needs call her lady, for she had the air of a chatelaine of the old school, one who was indeed in the new world of today, but not of it. There were little rests and pauses in the easy flow of the conversation when the silence was sympathetic and seemed only to bring us the nearer together.

Out of the sky above us fell the crystal notes of the chimes of old Georgetown; they were tolling off the harmonious quarter-hours and they made music

night and day; in those days it was all that broke the silence of the little city that was a city before Washington was dreamed of, and is still that capital's port of entry; but now, alas! the march of progress has cast its blight upon it and the electric juggernauts go howling through the streets at too frequent intervals, screaming like fearful oaths.

The house was quiet then; we had not even dreamed of the inevitable innovations that are continually burying tradition and the picturesque out of sight. I thought only of its gentle and winning mistress who was born in Washington, D. C., in 1819, was educated there, taught some years in the public schools, and then, to earn more money for the increasing expenses of the household, began to write. It was all an experiment, but a wonderfully successful one.

Her first novel, "Retribution," was published in 1849. In 1853 she purchased Prospect Cottage, and it was her heart's best home until she breathed her last beneath its moss-grown roof in 1899. She was absent from it for a time, in Yonkers on the Hudson and in London, but here the best part of her life was passed and here she wrote most of her three score volumes of fiction. Her industry was amazing; she sometimes produced three novels in a year. Even while she was busy during the day in the schoolroom, she wrote far into the night at home, for the whole burden of the family fell upon her shoulders and she bore it bravely even to the end.

In sitting with this gentle lady, her thin, pale hands folded upon her lap, and her face illumined with expectation as she listened eagerly to your slightest word, it was difficult to realize that she was the author of novels bearing these sensational titles:—"The Phantom Wedding", "Ishmael, or In the Depths", "The Fatal Secret", "The Spectre

Lover", "A Beautiful Fiend", "Cruel as the Grave", "The Lost Heiress", "Prince of Darkness", "The Gipsy's Prophecy, or The Bride of an Evening", "The Haunted Homestead", "India, the Pearl of Pearl River", "The Mystery of Dark Hollow", "The Curse of Clifton", "The Spectre", "The Missing Bride, or Miriam the Avenger," etc., etc.

The stories were extremely interesting and most of them admirable pictures of life in the Sunny South before the war. Their sale must have been enormous, and the complete uniform edition published by the Petersons of Philadelphia was for many years in great demand. The books, a number of them, are still to be found at the book-stalls all over the country, in paper covers, embellished in the modern fashion and looking, in spite of their years, as spruce as their rivals of a season. Many of them have been translated into French, German, Spanish and other languages, and they have been reprinted at intervals in London, Paris, Leipsic, Madrid and Montreal.

Ours was a heart-to-heart talk in very truth and with no need of any headline to call attention to it. She wrote:—

"PROSPECT COTTAGE,

"21st Mch—1893.

"Well, My Poet, My "Light at Eventide":—Will I stop writing to you, now that I have seen you? No. It would be much more natural that you should stop writing to the gray old woman. We are Souls. I felt as I sat near you in closer contact with a soul than ever before in my life. But you are comparatively a young man and you may come to think it a bore for an aged woman to write to you very often. I will write just as often as you wish and no oftener. We have some friends as well as some thoughts and feelings in common. It is of friends

I wish to ask you: Grace Greenwood—thirty years ago I used to exchange visits with her at her old home—one of the old mansions on Capitol Hill in Washington. In those days houses were not numbered, nor were they until the great renovation of the city after the war. * * *

Two pages of this letter are followed by four pages of postscript concluding thus:—"Do tell me! Here is a real woman's postscript, longer and more important than the letter from your aged and loving friend."

A little later she wrote:—

"My Precious Friend—Where is Grace Greenwood? At that name is called up before my 'mind's eye,' not the august grand dame she must be at this time, (1894) but the tall, slender, lithe, young Diana she was in 1850—with dark hair and dark eyes; superb figure in tight-fitting riding dress 'all buttoned up before' with glittering steel buttons—audacious, beautiful, terrible—can you imagine her so?"

"No! That you cannot, for you knew her later, when already she must have 'suffered a sea change into something rich and strange', judging by the letter and poem she gave you as a parting gift."

That parting gift referred to was delivered into my hands as I set sail on a South Sea voyage. It was a sealed envelope inscribed, "To be read in the saddest hour." We were hove-to for five days in a water-logged schooner, expecting to founder at any moment. This surely was the saddest hour. I broke seal and read:

"I have a presentiment that we shall never again meet in the flesh."

A poem fluttered at my feet; I rescued it and read:

"Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon:
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating
I shall be soon—"

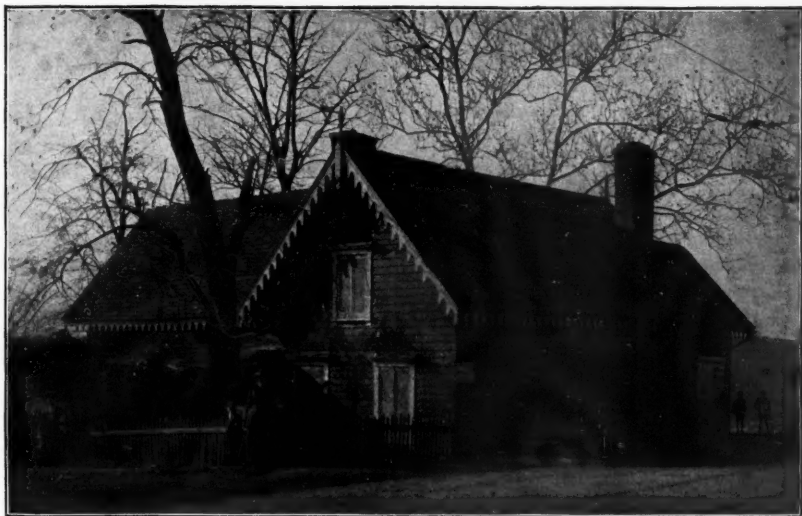
and much more in that vein than was needful to tide me over the Styx. The rest of it I have told in the first chapter of "South Sea Idyls" entitled "In the Cradle of the Deep." Mrs. Southworth adds:

"Come to see me soon. The surroundings this month are beautiful. My daughter looking from a western window murmurs, 'It is ideally beautiful.' I say now, 'It is divinely beautiful.' It is not always so. Come soon."

I had begged my friend to write a volume of reminiscences, for her talk was delightfully chatty and her book should have been equally so. She wrote me:

"No. I have not written a line of reminiscences. You had better come and talk with me and store them up in your memory and make a gossip paper after I have gone."

It was after that first brief call at Prospect Cottage, and its mistress and I had exchanged rather formal messages by post, that I went one lonely day to visit her. I had been thinking on my school days and the Ledger Literati and my first painful efforts at verse-making—how I used to hammer away at my halting lines, trying to make them sing—and of how those not ignoble aspirations culminated in my very first volume, a windfall of verses that might very properly have been entitled "Youthful Indiscretions." I seemed to have awakened from the old, old dream at last and to have found it all true. I did not see Mrs. Southworth very often. She was a great sufferer from fleshly ills toward the end of her life, and I, very busy and living almost a Sabbath day's journey from the cottage, could not easily make the pilgrimage; therefore, we exchanged familiar letters pretty frequently and enjoyed a companionship



PROSPECT COTTAGE, GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, THE HOME OF
MRS. SOUTHWORTH — EASTERN FRONT

that was hearty and wholesome and free from all conventionality.

I desire to quote generously from her share in this correspondence, for thus

the reader may gain a pretty fair knowledge of her mind and heart, and these both did her credit. She was of a deeply religious nature, chari-



PROSPECT COTTAGE — SOUTHERN FRONT

table to all, and full of loving kindness.

"PROSPECT COTTAGE,
"TUESDAY EVENING,
"MARCH 7th—1893.

"My Dear Friend: 'My Light at Eventide.' I wish I knew the Hawaiian equivalent for that phrase, for, if I did, I would give it to you for a name. 'Light at Eventide!' That is what you seem to me, who have outlived—on this earth at least—all my dear friends of childhood, of youth, of middle age! Yes, even the dear schoolboys who used to gather around me at Christmas and mid-Summer holidays, or at Inauguration Parades or grand Military Reviews. There are but two out of nineteen that are now living—only two—sic transit.

"When I came back to my old cottage home, after thirteen years absence, I found a changed world. I felt like another Rip Van Winkle. Yet I was not melancholy. There is always God—God our Father; God our lovely, yea! our most loving and Beloved. He sent me 'Light at Eventide'; and even if He had sent me no one, I should still have been far from melancholy, resting at His feet, under the shadow of His wing. All the loving Word of God is full of invitation to His poor, needy children: 'Come,' 'Draw nigh,' 'Seek,' 'Knock,' 'Ask.' And Oh! how generous, how tender, how loving, how responsive to all our seeking! Love of God and love of our neighbors—these are the sure cure of melancholy.

"By the way, I ought not to have answered your letter touching 'melancholy', on a postal card. It was indiscreet. It might have annoyed you. It was certainly an act of thoughtlessness unworthy of my age."

This gentle lady, in her girlish letters

and in her engaging talk, returned again and again to the days of her youth, in spirit, at least, and was never more entertaining than when recalling her pleasant intercourse with the gallant students of old Georgetown. They knew the charm of her personality and found an ever welcome at the hands of the hostess of Prospect Cottage. She writes me:—

"I will tell you now of my dear schoolboy friends, and how in the long ago I became such a schoolboy with them. I will tell you one anecdote to show this. It was Christmas; a bright, sharp, cold day; the ground covered with snow and the snow frozen, the slope of the hill in front of the cottage affording fine sledding opportunities. I was coming home from church, all muffled in furs, and saw my schoolboys not sledding or skating but just sliding on the ice at the top of the hill in front of the Cottage. They all called to me with one voice, 'Oh, come and slide! Oh, do come and slide! It's splendid!' and they meant it.

"One of my schoolboys was a young Cuban. When New Year's Day came, my son, who was a medical student at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons and was home for the vacation, took them all to the president's levee. They left in a body, I standing in the porch to see them off. Suddenly the hot-blooded Cuban turned, saw me, rushed back and, seizing my hand, devoured it with kisses, amid a torrent of 'bellissima', 'carissima', and even 'illustringissima', and ever so many other 'issimas', before he tore himself away. Alas! he died a patriot's and a hero's death in the last attempted revolution in his native isle."

I can easily imagine how young Cuba might fall at the feet of one so gracious

2

Ah, yes! and with the good-
for-nothing Thakéle - with all!

This is only to say -
How are you this evening?
I hope you are feeling better.
Get well as soon as you
can and come to see us.

I will write you a short
note ^{at time} from time while you
are sick. You need not answer
them. I will take answers
for granted

Your Aged & Loving Friend
E. D. E. N. Southworth

AUTOGRAPH OF MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE
HIDDEN HAND" ETC., ETC.

and queenly; and that even the George-town boys, with the heyday in the blood and the anguished football face glossed with corporeal humidity, in her bright presence might become as innocuous as the little human orchids, plucked from the lap of the nursery, who are as punctiliously polite as if they had been bred in the rarely refining atmosphere of a certain Boston con-

tinuous performance that shall be nameless.

It was the intense sympathy of Mrs. Southworth that drew to her so many and such close friends. She was utterly unselfish in her loves; was one of the few who could love her neighbors as herself without any distressing mental, moral or physical results. In proof of this statement I do not apologize for

making public the following private epistle:

"When your last book came—well! I snapped it up as eagerly as my little pet terrier snaps up a sugar plum! Not an elegant simile but an apt one. 'A Troubled Heart and How It Was Comforted at Last.' The title fascinates me and it certainly has all of your readers. 'I was a lonely child'—Ah, yes! and you were a lonely boy, a lonely youth, and are now a lonely man. It scarcely needed your little note to tell me that you are 'very lonely.' I feel that you are. But why should you be lonely when so many warm-hearted men and—what is better still—so many sweet women love you so truly and so purely? I should think your life would be full of the life and love that flow in upon you from all around.

"Sometimes you impress me as a joyous young spirit—eternally, essentially young—who has by some mischance been incarnated on this planet, this 'sorrowful star,' as some sad poet has called our lovely Earth, and that you have never been at home here, though you have sought 'home' in many lands and among many peoples, but found it not; because all your experience everywhere, from childhood to maturity, has been to quench the joyousness and age the youthfulness of your spirit—all your experience, except that of the love of men and women, and this should comfort if it cannot gladden you.

* * * *

"As a child you were hurried away to the funeral of a youth who was a stranger to you—for the experience, I suppose—and doomed to hear that dismal dirge:

"I would not live always, I ask not to stay

Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way."

"Let me tell you that I met and talked with the author of that hymn. He was the Reverend Dr. Mueller, president of St. Luke's hospital in New York. It was in the Spring of 1876 when I was received by him; a fine, tall, bright, old gentleman; with a refined and genial face, and silver hair covered with a little, round, black velvet skull-cap. He was dressed in a long, priestly-looking gown. I expressed my pride and pleasure in having the honor of an interview with the author of that hymn—which, by the way, in my morbid youth I had loved. He smiled indulgently and gave me to understand, in words that I shall not try to recall, that he had written that hymn in his youth and during a time of great sorrow; and that it was not a healthy or wholesome utterance and had better not have been written. He composed it during a night-watch beside the corpse of his betrothed bride; he was faithful to her memory and never married.

"When I saw him he was a cheerful, cordial old gentleman of eighty, and even then looked as if he would like to 'live always' if he could."

Mrs. Southworth had a happy sense of humor, and sometimes twitted me upon never having married; with her, as with all of my friends and acquaintances, there was always the everlasting Why? Bless their hearts! Wild horses shall not drag from me the dead secret that—I snore.

In these latter days when she was often a prisoner in her cottage on the cliff, her soul was as free as a bird. To show how lavish she was of praise, and praise of her fellow writers, let me quote a few lines from her letters to me,

though I confess that the act seems an immodest one:—

"You have a magician's power of taking me with you wherever you go. Time, space, locality are annihilated. No longer an invalid in the hut on the hill, I am a wanderer dreaming amid the tropical beauty of Southern isles, under the splendor of Southern skies.

"Last Winter I went to Egypt with you. Before that to the South Sea Islands. But the most vivid impression is that of the Leper Isle of Molokai. You, yourself, who were there in the flesh, did not see it all more plainly than I who went in the spirit. I can shut my eyes now and in an instant stand upon the brink of that 'cataract of verdure'—breaking here and there into a foam of flowers'—or in any other chosen scene—and see and hear it all.

"I do not understand it. In reading Bayard Taylor, or even Humboldt, I read only; but with you I am transported—I go with you. * *

"Are you still confined to your bed by illness, and do you find it dull? Well, I cannot prescribe for the illness, but I may for the dullness—read your own book! It is your child, a beautiful and gracious child and has won for you much love and praise. Fondle it. Look through it with my eyes. Renew your intercourse with dear Kana-Ana; with poor Joe of Lahoina; with hapless Taboo; with devoted Hua-Manu; with quaint Hoky Poky; and with the graceful, sinuous, brilliant Zebra who expired in his own flames. Ah yes! and with the good for nothing Kahele—with them all!

"This is only to say how are you this evening? I hope you are feeling better. Get well and come to see us.

"I will write you a short note from time to time while you are sick. You need not answer them. I will take answers for granted.

"Your Aged and Loving Friend."

Surely the following bit of autobiography is not without interest for all friends of Mrs. Southworth and readers of her works. She had sent me autograph copies of her once famous novels, "The Hidden Hand, or Capitola the Madcap" and "Miriam the Avenger, or the Missing Bride." She wrote:

"So glad you have the books at last, though, as I said before, they are an offering of weak lemonade in return for sparkling champagne. This is sincere—not a mere fantastical flattery. Your book is a delightful book, and at frequent intervals during the reading I think, 'Ah! what a delicious book!' I am a literary epicure.

"I selected 'Miriam' and 'The Hidden Hand' purposely for you. They are the two sprightliest books I ever wrote. After reading your delightful 'South Sea Idyls' as far as 'The House of the Sun'—at which I have just arrived—I concluded that you had had tragedy and melodrama enough in your real life. If you had been jolly—like Dickens' boy, 'jolly under difficulties',—I might have sent you something else.

"I wrote 'The Hidden Hand' under the most distressing circumstances. Yes, the sprightliest, most captivating book I ever wrote—though not by far the best—was written when my only sister was dying of consumption, my son an invalid, I, myself, sick with chronic bronchitis, and I had to work for them all.

"I used to come from the sick-room of my sister and sit down at my writing desk in this little parlor,

and immediately it seemed as if I had escaped from Hades into some sort of a joyous child's paradise, when I took my pen and continued the story of Capitola. The story was also published in England, and while it was yet running through the New York Ledger and the London Guide, my English publishers made me a good offer to go to England and write there. I accepted the offer, went, taking my two children with me. The story was perhaps more popular there than here. There were boats on the Thames called the Capitolas and Black Donalds; there were ladies' hats called Capitolas. When the serial was finished it was dramatized and played at two theaters in London at the same time—at the Strand and at the Grecian Temple on the Surrey side of the Thames.

"That unhappy lunatic Wilkes Booth, then a very young man, took the part of Black Donald at the Grecian Temple. The story was very well dramatized in five long acts—no less could do it justice—and done far, far better than it has ever been put on the stage in this country. I spent nearly three years in England—having left home in the Spring of 1859. I returned in the Spring of '62.

"You were a schoolboy in those days and Oh! how I wish that I had known you then. I used to have happy Christmas house-parties of schoolboys, sons and wards of northern friends who would come down to spend their holidays with me at Prospect Cottage, and with whom I could myself be a schoolboy for the time being.

"Ah! those were happy days, and would have been happier if I could have had the one warm-hearted schoolboy whom I was fated not to know until he had be-

come a man and I an aged woman.

"You would have enjoyed those Christmas Holidays with my school-boy guests, I know; you might have enjoyed them more than any of the others, for they have probably forgotten me as I have lost sight of them all."

Again she wrote me:—

"Beloved Friend—

"How nice it is to be seventy-four and privileged to use terms of endearment to whom one loves.

* * * *

"The fact is, you are dislocated. It is bad enough to have a dislocated joint, but to have one's whole individuality dislocated is horrible. You will be dislocated until you come to a decision. You are strangely alone. You should be

A Benedict or a Brother,
One or the other.

* * * *

"I feel that in my late letters I have been writing morbidly to a man already too morbid. I had been writing to you of your invisible Guardian Angel, when in fact what you really needed was an angel of flesh and blood; and I meant to tell you so and advise you on your 'outing' to keep your eyes open and look about for that angel. You should have a wife, a family, a fire-side. Mysticism is not wholesome for a man in his prime; he belongs to this world. * * *

"The work of demolition is still going on; the surroundings look like the day after the day of judgment, when the old heavens and earth have been destroyed and the new heavens and earth have not yet been created, and all around are wreck and ruin.

"O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade—"

where the whinny of the half-dying horses, the yell of the heartless drivers, the thud of the striking axe, the crash of the falling tree, and the thunder of the exploding blast are not heard; where the quake of the tortured earth is not felt and the flying rock are not feared—is the last aspiration of your loving friend. * * * *

"This blue pencil must already—without words—have told its tale; I am no longer able to sit up and write with a pen. I am lying on my bed and writing on a pad. I have been losing strength all Summer and

Autumn and am still losing it even faster this Autumn. Yet no one ever faded away more sweetly and painlessly than I—no pain, but little fever, and no sleepless nights. Sometimes I do lie awake for an hour or two in the long nights, but there is my closest and sweetest union with the Lord: the room is dark, the silence perfect, the solitude unbroken, and the child can get close to the Heavenly Father."

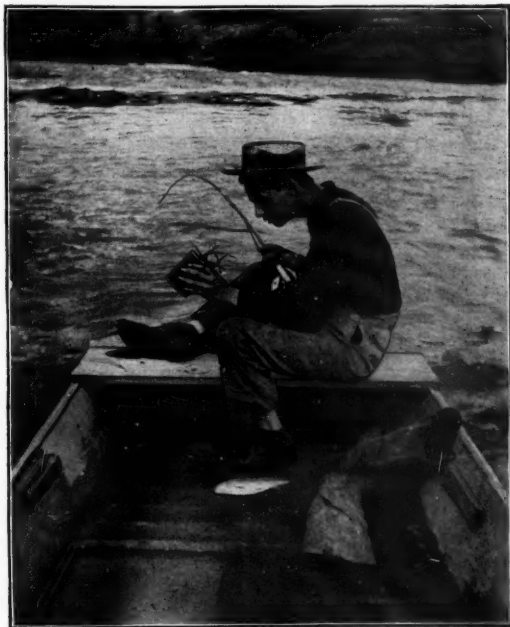
So passed from earth one of the gentlest of spirits—yet spirited withal—brave, loving, hopeful through eighty beautiful years.

"OUT OF BAIT"

Photographic Study

By FRED A. ELLIOTT

CHENANGO FORKS, NEW YORK



LOVE BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH

By CHRISTOBELLE VAN ASMUS BUNTING

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

"RIDING to hounds is becoming quite American."

"Yes," and Anne Howard toyed languidly with a lace ruffle of her gown.

"Do you like riding?"

"Oh, I'm rather fond of it. I don't go in for sport much, though."

"So Beatrice Van Allen told me."

"Did she?" Jack Shelby tried to appear disinterested.

"You used to be awfully fond of her?" Anne questioned. "She was fond of you, too."

"Yes," he replied, taking Anne's cup and placing it on a table. "I suppose that's the way it looked."

"I must be going. It has been warm today, hasn't it?"

"Yes, very," and Jack Shelby smiled at her as Anne Howard walked away. She stopped before leaving and spoke to one or two on her way out.

"I hate receptions," she confided to Mrs. Potter, as they came down the steps together.

"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Potter returned. "I'm afraid our American girl is growing very mannish."

"Well," Anne retorted, "so long as we have plenty of effeminate men, it doesn't much matter."

Mrs. Potter tried to be shocked, but from force of habit she smiled deceitfully.

Anne walked home. Her thoughts were disconnected. She was sure of but one thing, and that was her entire discontent. She was young, too. It seemed incongruous.

The time was early Summer, when the lilac bushes hang full of honey and fragrance. She felt that sweet dreaminess that early flowers bring. The soft South wind was full of story. She fancied a country road dotted with dandelions and great large tree-boughs

forming an arch overhead. A little white bridge was in the distance, spanning a tiny, purling stream. Birds sang everywhere. Then—she sighed heavily as she opened the gate and came up the walk. At the door her mother met her.

"Why did you not drive home, my dear?" she asked. The Browns' carriage was just going by.

"I didn't care to. It is such a pretty walk."

"You are quite late, Anne," she said reprovingly. "You must hurry, dear, and dress before dinner."

"I am dressed." Anne looked at her mother wonderingly.

"But did I not tell you we are going to the opera? Your father has asked Mr. Sterling, and I have invited some others to join us."

"What shall I wear?" Anne asked dejectedly.

"How foolish you are, child! How should I know? Are you an infant that I should direct every little thing you do? Dress suitably, my dear; that is all I can say."

Anne walked upstairs to her own little sanctum.

"Even this is not what I wish it," she said, closing the door; and then she threw herself on a Turkish couch by the window. It was some minutes before she moved. When she looked at a little brass clock it was just one hour before dinner. Anne glanced out the window and saw Mr. Sterling coming up the walk.

"There is nothing else to do," she said hopelessly. She dressed hurriedly and went down.

Mr. Howard had a kind heart, but his daughter did not know it. Had she,

things might have been different. Mr. Howard judged all women by his wife. He believed he was doing the right thing to help on the suit when Mr. Ralph Sterling, capitalist, showed a desire to be attentive to his daughter. Mrs. Howard had pointed out that Sterling was the desirable suitor. She had made Mr. Howard understand long ago that unless a man had money he counted for naught in the eyes of a woman—he believed, all women. There was no disputing Sterling's standing. It was a matter of Dun and Bradstreet, and Mrs. Howard saw to it that her husband lost no time finding it out. She had even gone so far as to mention Mr. Sterling to her daughter in a decidedly pointed way. Mrs. Howard had ended by saying:

"You are aware, my dear, that it is hazardous to be a bud at the end of a second season."

Anne had smiled almost cynically—but a closer glance would have betrayed pathos.

She told a young teacher once, whom she had met in the mountains, that she hated society. The country girl had looked at her almost with envy.

"What I should like would be to find a friend. I know that the only reason I have admirers is because I am so circumstanced. It's not me they care for; it's what I seem to be; and I am not really what I appear at all."

Anne had expressed a wish to her mother to have Miss Read visit them, but Mrs. Howard discouraged the idea disdainfully.

"You remind me of your paternal grandmother, Anne. Please don't be like her," she added petulantly. "She was always having some questionable person visiting her. By questionable I mean, of course, respectable—nothing at all but respectable. People must have something beside respectability, my dear—I mean people who count. One never knows what a person like

Miss Read, for instance, might do. They are so tactless—these people, and blunt."

"If you mean honest," said Anne, "well, yes; she is that."

"Well, my dear, I suppose that is it, really; and one can't afford to be too honest nowadays, you know. One must be able to cover some things. No, dear, don't take up with people out of your own set. They become a great burden generally. They always have some petty ambition that they make one feel one is responsible for. Take the advice of an older head, my dear," and Mrs. Howard stroked her daughter's hair, as she came and stood beside her. "You will thank me for it."

And so it came that Anne did not ask Miss Read to the Howard home.

II

The Howards went north into Canada for the Summer, and Mr. Sterling went also. Anne knew why, and so she was not surprised when her mother said one evening before dinner:

"Has Mr. Sterling spoken to you, Anne, dear?"

"No," she answered, "not yet. I suppose I have hardly been gracious enough. I am undecided, mother."

"You are so foolish, child. I have done everything for you, and yet you are so ungrateful. Perhaps you may have had petty excuses before, but pray tell me, what can be your reason now? A girl must marry, or become a trial to everyone. Attractive old maids are scarce, my dear. I am convinced that you could never fill that role. It would be dreadful, too, to have to chaperon you many more seasons. Have some pride, Anne. Consider your mother. What fault have you to find with Mr. Sterling?"

"None—particularly."

"Well, then, why object?"

"I don't love him."

"Oh, dear!" and Mrs. Howard

sighed. She was relieved, at the same time impatient. "Is that all?" she said again.

"About all. The truth is, I hardly know the man. I don't dislike him, but I certainly do not feel like marrying him. I am sure some girls marry for love. Why can't I?"

"Well, who is this Apollo you dream about?" Mrs. Howard was anxious. She was going over in her own mind any "questionable person" they might have met. At Anne's reply she breathed more easily.

"Why, no one. I've never cared for anyone. I have never met any real people. They are all so unnatural. Sincere people never seem to take to us, somehow. I have fancied a man who is a man—not one who is forever drinking tea and complimenting women. I would like just to meet a man who would do things. Some one who really cares and is—honest."

"Oh, come, my dear." Mrs. Howard turned the leaves in a book rapidly. "Don't get morbid. It's alarming in one so pretty and young as you are. There's a dear! It's only in fiction where one finds 'real people.' One must be content in life not to be miserable. If one is more fortunate than that, one is extremely blessed. No, believe me, my dear, it is as you say—all 'fancy.' Mr. Sterling is a desirable man. Most girls would be delighted at your opportunity. Why, ever since we met him at Alexandria he has been most attentive to you. Do you not recall how obliging he was about the cabin? Then later, when we met him formally in London, he was so gracious. He is really a fine man. It is a pity we are leaving tomorrow. After speaking to your father so long ago, I felt sure he would have asked you before our return. Then she added disappointedly: "It looks so much better to announce these things away from home. He might speak yet," and Mrs. Howard picked

up a brush at Anne's dressing-table and smoothed her hair.

"Come down soon, won't you, dear?" she asked coaxingly as she turned and went out the door.

Mr. Sterling did not speak before the departure. Anne liked him for it. She knew he had asked her father, and she admired his silence toward her. She recalled twice, at least, when they were quite alone and he might have told her. One day in particular when they were riding and she had to drop behind to adjust her saddle. He had been very kind. A strap on the girth had broken and he suggested they return by a short cut through a crossroad, which they did. She wondered why he had not spoken then as they walked along. She liked him for not doing so. "He must see," she reflected, "that I do not care for him."

Another time on the links, when she struck her ankle, he had helped her, and they had driven to the house together. He had one redeeming quality: Anne knew him to be a gentleman.

One night about a month after their return Mrs. Howard asked Mr. Sterling to dinner. Anne had gone into the conservatory and she was standing there when Mr. Sterling came in. He surprised her, for she believed no one knew she was there. He had not thought to find her, either. He showed it.

"Good evening," she said, "come in and I will find you a boutonnet."

"Thank you," and he came toward her.

"There are not many flowers left," she observed, picking a fuschia. "Do you know what this stands for?"

"No, will you tell me?"

"It means unrequited affection," she answered hastily.

"One could hardly hope for more," and Mr. Sterling fastened the flower in his coat.

It came about most naturally, and he asked her there to be his wife. He knew she did not love him. He did not ask for that, but when she said "yes," there seemed to be feeling in the little word. He did not draw her to him, as she had fancied he would when he came—her prince. Instead he bowed low and kissed her hand. And somehow she felt very grateful toward him.

As Anne had given so little, she felt no desire to accept much. It was purely a social affair all through. Of course she went in no company without Mr. Sterling, but on the other hand she did not find herself with him without a company. She discovered quite by accident one day that he did not care for "pink teas." She was more gracious when they met again. Sometimes Anne wondered what he did care for.

The thing that made her like him least was his willingness, or eagerness even, to marry her when he knew her so little.

"If it were necessary from any point of view at all," she meditated, "I could forgive him, but there is no reason whatever why he should marry me—and most of all, I am anything in the wide world but what he imagines." She could not remember five times when they had conversed alone, and those times their conversation had been most general.

"Oh, why couldn't he have been different from the rest! I shall marry, and it will go on the same—just the same—forever."

The thought came to her that some day, somewhere, some time she might meet a man whom she really loved. What then? The idea stayed in her mind so strongly that she spoke to her mother about it.

"What an unlikely person you are, Anne," her mother had said. "Those things never happen except to people unbalanced. You are not going in for scandal are you, my dear?"

Anne looked her disgust.

"Of course not," continued Mrs. Howard. "It is only hysterical people who do unheard-of things like that. My dear, there is no such thing, really. There have been cases, of course, but they are not moral ones. I do not fear for you."

She left Anne thinking it over.

"Perhaps she is right," Anne said aloud, "but I don't believe it."

III

It was to be a June affair—the wedding. Hardly one month now. They were going everywhere, it seemed to Anne, on their bridal tour. How different from what she would have chosen. In fact, her mother had planned almost everything. Anne simply had to agree. That was all.

"If I had only one friend—someone who could help me; but I am powerless to do anything except what is planned for me. What resources have I?" she asked herself bitterly.

And it was quite true, too.

One day about a week before the wedding Anne left word that if anyone asked for her she was going out and would not be back till dinner.

When Mrs. Howard heard this, she was quite vexed. She hoped to have had a good talk with Anne today. There was much she had to discuss. The time was so short now. "How provoking!" she said querulously.

Anne had taken herself out a country road where she was quite alone. She was sitting beside a tiny stream. It was a lazy day in June and birds sang everywhere. She took out a little book and read some; then she sat and watched the fishes. She knew she was happier far than she was generally, but still she felt very lonely. It came to her all over again how empty her life had been—how smoothly things had gone for her—not

one interesting ripple in her whole existence. Why could it not have been different? Why couldn't something come to mar the tiresome tranquility?

Looking up she saw someone on the road. Before she realized it, she had waved her whip at him, and he had dismounted and was leading his horse toward her. She was sorry directly that she had let him intrude.

"I did not expect to find you away out here, Mr. Sterling," and she colored slightly.

"I come this way often," he answered, tying his horse near hers. "Were you reading?" He picked up her book.

"No," she said, "I was dreaming."

He did not ask her, as he did always, if he might sit there beside her, but seating himself at her feet, he asked instead: "Why haven't we come here before?"

He pulled some long blades of grass and then he looked up at her and smiled kindly. Anne could not explain it, but she knew she had never until then liked him so well.

"I don't know," she said; "I didn't suppose you cared for—well, for solitude."

"Didn't you? Well, you could hardly know, I suppose. I will tell you something," and he looked straight at her, "I knew you did. I knew you must care for things like this—the brook, for instance."

"Oh, I love a brook," she said eagerly; "to me there is nothing so sweet—the sea is mighty, but the brook is tender."

"You are right; the brook is like your nature—and mine."

She looked up and their eyes met.

"Who told you about me?" she asked abruptly.

"You did."

"I?" she questioned.

"Do you remember one day last Summer we were going for a sail? We stood apart from the others, while they

were rigging the boat. I asked you whom you were named for, and do you recall what you said?"

"What did I say?"

"You said that you were named for your grandmother. 'I like the name,' you went on. 'It is the only thing I have ever had or known that I felt was honest. I wonder sometimes how it ever happened my name was not in keeping with the other things about me.'"

"And you remembered that? What did you think of me for speaking so?"

"Shall I tell you?"

She did not answer. She seemed far away; then she brought herself back suddenly.

"Did you think me morbid?" she asked again.

"No," and he smiled. "I thought I should like to take you far away with me—somewhere, where no one else was—just we two—and then I should tell you many honest things. I wished with my whole heart that the little sailboat were a stronger one and belonged to just two persons and that they were going to cruise away together."

"And you never told me?"

"I tried to, Anne, and you would not let me; but I knew I should tell you some day."

She did not remember his ever having called her Anne. It never sounded like this, at least. The horses pawed the sod beyond the tree; the fishes were flitting to and fro beneath the rocks; the birds sang on; it was just the same—the same? No; there was not one familiar thing in thought or view. To Anne it was all changed. It was stranger than any fairy tale she had ever heard. And then he opened her book and read softly:

"There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the
moon
But in its hues and fragrance tells a tale
Of thee."

"How strange," she said, leaning toward him, as she rested on the palm of one hand, "that you really have a soul!"

"And you thought I had none?"

"I did not even dream of such a thing. And to think," she whispered slowly, "that you—"

"That I love you!" He reached for her hand.

"And I—"

"And you will love me, too," he said, with his eyes close to hers.

He rose and helped her to her feet, and led her toward the horses.

"Where are we going?" Anne asked, smiling.

"I am going to take you home," and they rode away together.



There was great consternation at the Howard home, when dinner time came and Anne had not come in. Mrs. Howard was quite beside herself when a

messenger brought word of her daughter's elopement with Mr. Sterling.

"It was a dreadful shock," said Mrs. Howard to Mrs. Potter afterward. "Even now I can't explain it. Anne is a peculiar child."

"And you had to recall the invitations?" Mrs. Potter went on.

"Yes, that was the worst of it; and I hate a scene so. Of course, there was a great deal of talk. It was all so provokingly unnecessary, too."

"When are they coming back?" Mrs. Potter asked again.

"I am sure I've no idea. They have gone to some unheard-of place in the mountains. Won't you have some tea?" Mrs. Howard asked suddenly.

"No, thanks," Mrs. Potter returned, rising. "I must be getting back."

"Scandalous!" she murmured to herself as she got into her carriage. "Drive to Mrs. Black's," she said aloud.

It was quite dark when Mrs. Potter reached her own home.

AN IDLE ONE



HER friends the linen spread to bleach;
Their bright pails glisten in the sun;
Their ways of thrift she will not reach —
She is an idle one.

When down the morning path she goes,
I deem it is in loving quest
To train some wayward vine she knows,
Or find a robin's nest.

She loves to loiter where the bee
Makes dreamy music all day long
'Round berry bloom or locust tree,
And steal it for her song.

Cora A. Matson Dolson

She lists the red-winged blackbird's call,
And all the nested boughs she knows;
And where beside the low stone wall
Blossoms the sweet wild rose.

The house plants crowd her window pane,
She loves to watch them in the sun;
Her sewing basket calls in vain—
She is an idle one.

But when the one her heart holds dear
Comes home beneath the waning light,
Perhaps he deems it joy to hear
Her finished song at night.



JAPANESE STAFF OFFICERS STUDYING THE POSITION OF THE ENEMY IN MANCHURIA
 Photographed for the National Magazine by a Japanese Officer

A PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF WAR

By J. GORDON SMITH

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

NIGHT: seated about a camp-fire beneath a dun elm that spread over the low mud wall of the compound of a puny village were some hundred Japanese soldiers—the commissariat guard overlooking the relay depot which the line of sleds, drawn by bullocks and mules driven by plodding and indifferent Chinese, had established about five miles south of Anshantien. The light of the flickering camp-fire glowed on the bronzed faces; the moon, almost hidden by the saddle-like mountains, which stood like gloomy sentinels on either side of the valley, paled the deep blue of the sky beyond, and in the ghostly light the soldiers sat listening to the

story-teller Kuroda, who told tales of old Japan, of spirits and warriors, samurai and statesmen, tales which ever attracted the rapt attention of the listeners.

It was a tale of heroism that he told; the story-tellers I heard in the field ever told of heroism. It is beneficial to the morale of the troops, though these glory-loving, fighting men need little inspiration.

Crack! The sentry's rifle sounded sharply. Again; then again it cracked. See! He was running toward the camp.

"Rokoko-jin," he shouted. "Russians!"

There were horsemen dashing toward

the village, their swords flashing and gleaming in the partial darkness.

Quickly the alarm sounded. A bugler stood high on a mud wall of the Chinese house; his notes rang sharp and clear. Quick, into the house. Captain Yasahura recognized that to fight in the open against such odds was impossible. With walls of mud a foot thick, great windows of wooden fretwork pasted over with paper, and a bricked-up "kang," a dais used as a bed, with a fire of kowliang stalks built beneath, a Manchu house offers little protection, but I have seen many of these houses, with loop-holes poked through the caked mud, desperately held.

A low mud wall bounding the compound, with stable and granary in corners, the rest an open space, offered a first defence, as it were a castle wall about an insecure castle.

Into such a house flocked the company of Captain Yasahura with their accoutrements, hastily secured. The piled mats of rice, boxes of ammunition, tubs of dried fish, stores of meat, salmon, biscuit—the food for men and guns which awaited the coming of the sleds from Anshantien—had, perforce, to be abandoned. Cossacks in growing numbers were circling about the little company, so that their line became closer and closer.

From behind the mud walls, with reassuring shouts, though all saw the vast number of their foemen—there were 3,000 Cossacks—the Japanese fired, seeking to protect the stores in their keeping, but in vain.

Soon the night was lit by leaping flame; the piles of stores in the village road had been fired. Ammunition was crackling and exploding.

The bright light, so near to the walls, revealed the brave defenders at the outer wall and the carbines of the Cossacks poured a heavy fire. With shrieks, groans, cries of "Banzai!" the defenders returned the fire. As men fell, hit by

the bullets of the Cossacks, others dashed across the open yard to drag them to the temporary shelter of the Chinese house, where the tables of the long-since-fled owner were converted into operating slabs on which the wounded were laid.

Outside, the rifles flashed, the wild cries of the Cossacks and the answering shouts of the defenders, now wild as the men of Nippon Denji ever become when intoxicated with the blood-lust of battle, made savage din; the flames leaped, ammunition spluttered and crackled. Inside, determined men kept their eyes strained on the indistinctly seen horde that circled about at every side of the doomed house; surgeons, quietly and coolly, with the deliberation as of a hospital of the home-land, used knife and scalpel when necessary, ever seeking, though, to avoid operation if possible; white-smocked assistants stood by with ready jars of water secured at risk of their lives by dashes through a fire-zone to the compound well—and wrapped taut the lint bandages around the wounded heads and limbs. Then men slid from the tables, blood-stained, weak, but still determined to fight again.

Like fire, the only way to stop a Japanese from fighting is to extinguish him.

O oki no kami . . . See!

Russian riders, swinging over the sides of their galloping horses, were circling closer to the wall with torches in their hands, throwing firebrands toward the thatch of the house. Many were killed. The slain horses fell upon others and pinioned the suffering bodies to the frozen earth. Still others came with more firebrands.

The place was on fire. A wisp of smoke, then a crackling on the thatch, and the brave defenders knew the beginning of the end had come. They were in extremis. They had been fighting for hours. It was now near morning; already streaks of gray were shooting

into the sky beyond the saddle-mountains. And the end had come. Nothing remained but to dash out amongst the Russian horde and die fighting.

Yet there were things to be done before that. The enemy must not learn to what regiment they belonged; the men of Osaka did not wish that. All shoulder-straps with the tell-tale numbers must be burned, all documents were to be destroyed, and the flag—the proud rising sun flag with the purple border of the regiment—was also to be burned lest it fall into the hands of the foe. Those who had portraits of the Tenshi Sama must take care lest these fall into the hands of the ruthless Cossack. Their names would feel the disgrace even beyond the grave.

"Sayonara, good friends; a gallant death." So the soldiers shouted one to another. Then they dashed out—to death.

But the Cossacks were evidently not well-informed of their small number. The Russians fell back at their coming. The circle widened, but the riders at the rear, now unprotected, dismounted and swarmed over the mud wall and into the burning house.

Captain Yasahura ordered his men back when he saw them. If they were to die—and die they obviously must—it were better to fall while fighting to regain the house. So they charged—a forlorn hope. Bayonet against sword and spear they fought, and in a few minutes a mad scramble at the back door, torn from its frame and splintered, ended a melee which cost many lives.

It was a horrible scene within that burning charnel-house. Russian and Japanese were heaped together, asprawl and bruised, the living squirming beneath the dead.

Rescue was impossible; the flames grew apace. The building was soon hopelessly involved; the heat intense. The fight was over. Nothing remained

but *saue qui peut*. Those who could should save themselves, cried Captain Yasahura; they could tell others of the fight. Those at Osaka would be glad to hear of it; the stain that was once upon the soldiers of the city was now long since wiped out with the blood of brave men. No Japanese would ever call the soldiers of Osaka cowards again. Nanshan and the Kinshiu Maru had wiped out the past.

Captain Yasahura was wounded. His bandaged forehead was red with dried blood, his splintered knee made him limp with pain. He knelt with several others, helpless with their wounds, and died as Samurai of old Japan—by *hari-kari*.

To each soldier the Japanese army headquarters sends a paper fan. These fans, white with a red ball—the rising sun—upon them, are highly prized. With his ever-ready pencil—no Japanese officer is ever without a pencil in his tunic pocket—the wounded officer knelt quietly, placidly, though the nearing circle of Cossacks shouted wildly and the cracking of their carbines rattled in unison with the noise of the destroying ammunition, and he wrote a poem, scrawling the ideographs on the fan.

"Soon I cease to be;—
One fond memory I would keep
When beyond this world.
Is there, then, no way for me
Just once more to meet with thee?"

Only in the world beyond the grave, the shade-land of departed spirits, he would see her again.

Banzai—banzai—Tenno Heike
banzai . . . Three times the little throng repeated the shout. They cheered emperor and home, then, tearing their tunics open, they dashed swords or bayonets into their stomachs and disemboweled themselves. With their life's blood trickling away, their intestines bared by the wounds they made, they staggered to their feet, weakly, with death upon them, and leaped into

the flames of the burning house.

Some survivors hid themselves, others dashed into the night, some to find death at the hands of the encircling Cossacks, a few to escape to Anshantien to tell the tale of death to a vengeful detachment guarding a larger depot for the commissariat line. A few reached Yinkow, even, having struggled, footsore and worn, from village to village, living on the pittance of millet given them by Manchus who could ill spare the food. A lieutenant, with a few men, were all that reached Anshantien. All told tales replete with horror.

One Namba, a surgeon, thinking himself safe because of the Red Cross bandage on his arm, gave himself to the Cossacks when the gallant Captain Yasahura and others committed hari-kari at

the close of the forlorn fight. The surgeon was ruthlessly cut down by a Cossack, and his bleeding form, still animate, was carried to the burning building and cast into the pyre which was cremating the brave officers who died so gallantly.

At daylight the raiders rode away, leaving two pyres, one of the destroyed stores, the other the crematory which held the ashes of Captain Yasahura and some of his men.

A few days later a burial party came to seek for bones amongst the ashes, that they might be sent to Japan for interment. And in May, when the shades of dead soldiers assemble again at the patriots' shrine in Tokio, thousands will do honor to those who died. The shades will rejoice—that is the popular belief.

BLUE JAY'S NEST ❁ Photographic Study





LOLA LA FOLLETTE
Half-tone engraving by Charles Ricker

BEAUTIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By HELEN ARTHUR
NEW YORK CITY

XVII

LOLA LA FOLLETTE

TO call this an interview would be a misnomer; it is a sermon: the text, Lola La Follette, and the concluding prayer will be that other budding actresses may be given the saving grace of

good, old-fashioned common-sense. Attend, all stage-struck girls, and know that the rules which govern this profession are the same as for any other.

The day I went to see this young woman — whose father, as governor of Wisconsin and now senator, has been such a dramatic figure in politics—I went

(as I discovered later she well knew) because of the magic of that name.

Beside myself, there was awaiting her a well-known writer on dramatic subjects, who had been sent by one of the great daily newspapers to write up his "impressions."

I watched her as he explained the object—she was so little impressed by the importance of the man and the big daily he represented. She said simply:

"You must know how little being in the papers counts to one used to public life, and how easily taken in I should be were I to think that you are here except because of the fact that 'I am my father's daughter.' "

A mild protest from the man, but she continued:

"If that isn't the reason, why aren't you elsewhere interviewing the other women whose parts exceed my one-line role—that's all it is, you know."

The newspaper man's voice rose hopefully:

"But, Miss LaFollette, you must confess that, for you to leave a life of so much social attraction for the hardships of the stage is enough to stamp you as a person of individuality."

"Thank you, but it doesn't seem so to me. I have to begin. I chose the stage, and I am glad that I have the opportunity to watch and study Miss Rehan, the greatest American comedienne. There is no more to be said on the subject because so far that's all there is to my career."

But still he persisted—he tried to draw her out—visions of head-lines seemed to be his. "Which way does your ambition lead you—to tragedy or comedy?"

And here it was this young person from the West laughed out loud.

"Please, please don't ask me such questions. How can I say without appearing ridiculous? Remember, my career is only three months old. To be sure, I do not consider myself cast for heroic parts. I am of medium

height and my nose turns up."

He rose to go; he had found the sort of girl who couldn't be cajoled into furnishing material, but he made one last attempt.

"I've your photograph. Won't you sign it?"

And this is where I saw Miss LaFollette summon her courage to bear her out in a resolution.

"I am sorry, but I cannot unless you will send me a typewritten copy of what your paper is going to say about me. It isn't that I mind so much, but I must remember that foolish things apparently emanating from me bring discredit upon my parents and my training."

He turned disappointedly to the door, but as he did he held out his hand and said:

"Thank you for your frankness, and as I can't promise for my paper, I won't ask anything further. I've met with so few young girls who have adopted the stage and were at the outset unspoiled and well balanced, that I am more than glad to have met another."

Miss LaFollette thanked him, and after the hall door closed on him she came slowly back into the room and said:

"Do you suppose he did get my point of view, or has he left considering me a self-sufficient Miss?"

"I cannot vouch for him," said I, "but I learned to avoid the mistake of trying a formal interview."

"Thank goodness!" said she, and with that we proceeded to forget all about material for "copy" and just became pleasantly acquainted, for we were both interested in many of the same things and, incidentally, we both came from Wisconsin.

XVIII

BONNIE MAGIN

THERE is a semi-mythical creature who inhabits the pages of many of our novels, is often seen as "the Adven-



BONNIE MAGIN

Half-tone engraving by Charles Bicker

turess" in modern plays—not to mention that she is the subject of much discussion in the evening newspapers; a strange, fascinating personage, never abroad before noon, whose decided preferences are for orchids, diamonds and champagne. There are only cer-

tain places where she exists, and in REALITY is not one of them. Her name never stands alone; it is followed by the dire description, "Music-Hall Dancer."

Gay as her life may be in fiction, actually it is most simple and ordinary.

Of this genus is Bonnie Magin, "Metropolitan Favorite"; and as I watched her dance I realized that the price she paid for popularity was much heavier than for the others, for the audience demanded dances by way of encore, and never did the smiling Miss Magin refuse.

After "The Big Chief and Little Maid" dance I was told that Miss Magin had a "long wait," and could see me. "A long wait" was barely the length of time ordinarily had between dances at a cotillion.

Up two flights of steep, iron stairs I climbed, and into her tiny dressing-room I crowded. It was no larger than a fair-sized closet—one side was mirror, two were hung with dresses and the fourth was door. This "Hole in the Wall," as Miss Magin called it, was shared by Aimee Angles, that clever dancer and mimic, and was further filled by a large and correspondingly genial maid, and when the door closed on me Miss Magin was certainly subject to my close scrutiny.

She was just removing her war-paint, and changing her costume from that of the primitive North American Indian to the more modern garb of a sophomore in Backwater college.

She had looked at me and said encouragingly, "Think you can squeeze in here? We aren't exactly fixed for visitors, but we are hospitably inclined, and ready to answer questions. According to the old-fashioned idea, this Indian rig ought to be about right for me—I'm from Chicago. I came to New York on a visit—circumstance is a queer thing, isn't it? I just happened along with a girl who came down to this theater to see about an engagement. I was nothing but a youngster—braids hanging down my back. The girl was talking to Mr. Joe Weber, and probably more to notice me than for any other reason he said: 'You want a position, too? Come down and I'll give you one.' I took him then and there at his word.

I was wild about a stage career. In the Summer, I had gone out in a small opera company which was playing 'Pinafore' and kindred operas in Illinois towns. The musical director was Gustave Luders, who has since become well known as joint author with George Ade in 'The Prince of Pilsen' and 'The Sho-Gun.' I received ten dollars a week—seemed 'bigger money' to me than any I have had since. I was soon given a small part; the lines, my first ones, how well I remember them! I, a tiny figure, darted in at the left stage and breathlessly announced, 'A message from Palermo. Sent with urgency and delivered with alacrity.' For this I got two dollars a week more, which must have swamped the treasury, for the company lasted only about six weeks.

"However, that first trial was enough to fire my ambition, and to be at Weber-Field's was like a dream come true. Except for one season, I have been there ever since, and it is almost like home to me."

"Did you learn fancy dancing?"

"Do you mean did I ever take lessons? Mercy, no, I never took a lesson in my life! I was the kind of a girl that liked dancing better than studying—the kind like Theodora in Grace George's play. What is it she says—'With a decent orchestra and a sympathetic partner, I could waltz into eternity.'"

"The stage manager arranges our dances, though many times our steps are born on the inspiration of the moment. I originated that pretty little 'Rosie Dance'. Remember it?"

"Rosie, you are my posie,
You are my heart's desire."

There is so much exhilaration in dancing, the music and the rhythm just go to my head, and even if I am tired I forget it all when I am dancing. But I don't want to be a dancer and nothing else; that is the great trouble—to work



DRINA DE WOLFE

Half-tone engraving by Charles Ricker

away from your specialty. I have a part in 'The College Widower'—our heroic endeavor to parody George Ade, so the program states, and we did extract some smiles from him when he saw it the other day. My part is small, yet when ambition sleeps I am happy enough and glad that persons inquire

at the box-office if I am still dancing here. Sometimes they get the name wrong, to be sure, and ask for 'Magginnis.'

"How about 'Bony'?" put in little Miss Angeles?

"Well, I guess not," ejaculated the maid, who spoke as one having authority.

XIX

DRINA DEWOLFE

SUCCESS on the stage has sometimes been won by reason of one preeminent gift; beauty opens one door to success, money another, persistence, rightly directed, a third, while magnetism and intellectuality will break down any barriers.

Many win with much against them—how happy the few with things in their favor. If one is in earnest, hindrances matter not save for the time spent in surmounting them. Considering all these things, surely Drina DeWolfe's fairy godmother seems to have been lavish with her favors—beauty, wealth and personality have been given to Miss DeWolfe.

Just a few short years on the stage, and today she is Arnold Daly's leading woman; playing the Shaw roles which require subtlety in analysis calculated to baffle the most keen; interpreting parts which grip because of their fidelity to nature and yet others which must be played in the lightest comedy spirit.

In "You Never Can Tell," Miss DeWolfe is the first to take liberties with the Irish playwright whose written word is law—she has dressed "Gloria" after her own idea of the part. "White is for her—this young creature just emerging from girlhood; but even were Mr. Shaw and I to disagree on that point, at least I should be grotesque (and she turned to her manuscript part) in a skirt and jacket dress of saffron brown cloth, with a blouse of sea-green silk—I with my red hair and blue eyes."

I looked hastily at her hair;—yes, red it is, but the shade which is at once the delight and despair of artists. Physically she seemed so much like the Gloria of Mr. Shaw's description that her portrayal was good

because it was Miss DeWolfe herself.

"Indeed no, I am most unlike Gloria Clandon; she and life were but on beginning terms, while I—but what matters it? Knowledge after all is the essential thing." Her eyes wandered to her dressing-table and she leaned toward it and picked up a large photograph—it was one of Sarah Bernhardt.

"She knows life in its entirety—that's why she is great—and Duse, too. I met Madame Bernhardt in France and she is my idol and my inspiration. I go each Summer to Paris to study with French masters, playing role after role under their direction—Magda, La Tosca, Camille. During the Summer days I work with them, and in the evenings I watch the great artistes at the Comedie or elsewhere—it is a genuine vacation, the only kind I care about.

"I was born in London, and my first part was played in the Provinces with Lily Langtry. I was Lady Stornaway in 'The Degenerates.' My first name, Alexandrina, was too long for program purposes and so you see what is left of it. I didn't come to America with Mrs. Langtry. I married, and it was not until later that my mother, my small son and myself decided on New York as a home.

"The parts I've played have been small comedy roles. I feel encouraged when I think I was even noticed in them and I do not intend to perpetuate them by names. I am sure the method of playing part after part is the best one. It was Mrs. Leslie Carter's, and see what a triumph 'Adrea' is because of her preparation."

How soon ambition has taught Drina DeWolfe the lesson of work, and how fortunate that to her splendid endowment she has added the one essential—the desire for progression—the controlling spirit of work.

THE LADY MARY'S GARDEN

By EDITH RICHMOND BLANCHARD

WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

It was noon of an April day in Boston, the first real Spring day of the year, for the Winter had encroached audaciously long upon the months assigned to his gentle successor. Gray, windy heavens and a chill atmosphere that was always permeated by a sharp, easterly tang had seemed to have become settled and enduring conditions. The sudden revelation of a sky of Italian blueness, the brilliancy of unclouded sunlight, and a warm westerly breeze that caressed where its rough brother had buffeted, these proofs of her presence which the season so suddenly produced, came most delightfully like a surprise to the city folk. It is true that down town, in the tangle of crooked streets, forever noisy with the rumble of heavy drays, the clang of electric cars and the less distinct but pervasive sounds of many voices and of hurrying feet, there were few changes which Spring could work in token of her gentle advent, few people who could stop to heed her coming; but in more leisurely districts, where the tide of life flowed less turbidly, there was no doubting the transformation.

Boylston street, stretching away in a broad, sunny vista to the gray church tower clear-etched against the azure, seemed to have no kinship with the bleak thoroughfare down which but yesterday pedestrians had struggled with bowed shoulders and heads bent low to avoid the gusts. The gay, wide-windowed shops, which by way of recompense the genius of trade has prepared for the fashionable residents that its invasions have dispersed, spread out before the throng strolling idly past them, wares fit to satisfy the dearest luxuries of extravagance. Here were to be seen wondrous triumphs of the milliner's skill, frivolous marvels of lawn and lace; queer curios gathered from every corner

of the Old World; costly bits of furniture over whose polished and inlaid surfaces soft-hued tapestries trailed with effective carelessness; strangely beautiful displays of the exquisite handiwork of far Japan; miniature picture galleries where copies of the old masters vied with the works of more modern disciples of art in wooing the attention of the passer-by.

It was in front of one of these last-named stores that a young woman was standing, gazing with an expression of fascinated absorption at a certain picture in the window before her.

It was not often that Mary Melvin wandered so far up town in her noon hour. Usually, when she had lunched at the little restaurant which she patronized because, in spite of its limited menus, neatness and cheapness proved saving features, she would do a little shopping or take an extra turn about the block, returning to her work long before her time for leisure had elapsed. There was little inducement to remain out of doors, even though the dreary office offered no cheer and though the persistent, petulant click of her typewriter became unspeakably wearisome at times. But today the warm, soft air stirring in her veins the vague "wanderlust" of Spring, had led her feet away from the dusty, grimy business blocks. She had loitered past the shop windows, gazing in at their bright displays with an almost childish interest but at the same time with an indefinite, unreasonable sense of dissatisfaction dominating her thoughts. She wished there were not so many loud-tongued folk to push and jostle one, so many noisy vehicles to go clattering on their way up and down the street; she was suddenly acutely conscious of the weary monotony of small wage-earning, and impatient of a life bounded by stone walls

and brick pavements. If only she could go somewhere out of the reach of this bustle and confusion, somewhere to drain Spring's proffered elixir without sharing the draft with a multitude.

It was while her mind was still throbbing with these desires that her glance fell on the picture in the store window. To another it might not have seemed in the least remarkable, either in regard to its subject or execution, but it burst upon Mary Melvin's vision like a sudden actual revelation of her heart's longing. It was the picture of a garden, or rather of a bit of garden. On an oddly carved wooden settle by the side of a fountain which poured its white cascade into a broad, marble basin, sat a lady in a quaint, old-fashioned gown; her hands were idly clasped in her lap and her eyes gazed dreamily into the blue depths above the sunny flower plots. "The Lady Mary's Garden," the artist had called his work, and though he had treated his idea conventionally and though a critic might have called in question his technique, yet the Lady Mary's face wore such a rare expression of perfect and gentle content that through it an irresistible charm was lent to the whole composition. Mary Melvin drew in her breath with a sigh that was almost a sob. "Dear Lady Mary, you are just what I want to be. If you would let me into your garden;" she said softly to herself, "if only I might sit and watch the fountain and the flowers for a little while with nothing in all the world for my hands to do!"

She did not notice that her attitude of engrossing interest had attracted others, who peered curiously over her shoulder to discover the source of her attention. A girl's shrill treble broke relentlessly in upon the harmony of her dream. "Why, it's that picture of the woman with the queer clothes on. I don't see anything much to that, do you, Bessie?"

Mary Melvin moved quickly away from the window. She crossed the street to avoid overhearing further comments, and almost unconsciously turned in at the wide-flung gate of the Public Garden. A warm, earthy smell greeted her as she entered, for the great flower-beds were being relieved of their dark, Winter coverings and men were kneeling before each one clearing away the loam from the close, unbroken ranks of saffron-tipped tulip shoots. There was more passing than usual on the boardwalks, the lure of the sunshine having led many to the Garden who seldom visited it, but the cabined, cramped feeling which the throng on the street had aroused within her did not return to Mary Melvin now. Here there were at least no immediate limitations to one's breathing space. After a moment she turned off the main avenue into a little path that led circuitously to an unfrequented part of the place and sat down to rest on a settee by the empty basin of one of the smaller fountains. The evergreen trees, set about the back of the garden seats in Winter to afford somewhat of protection from the wind, had not yet been removed and she felt almost secluded under cover of their sheltering screen. A couple of sparrows hopped fearlessly across the path at her feet and fluttering to the fountain's rim cheeped saucily as they regarded her with black, beady eyes. But Mary Melvin did not heed them, though she gazed fixedly down upon them from the depths of the brown study into which she had suddenly fallen. Surely it was not them she addressed when, after the lapse of several moments, she spoke softly but decidedly as though to reassure a hesitating listener:

"I am going to be Lady Mary, and this shall be my garden. I know perfectly well that it is childish and silly to pretend that it is my own; I know I am not at all like that other Mary, but I am utterly tired of the dismal

concreteness of my doings. I want the same dear, romantic opportunities that other women have, and since they will never come of themselves to me, then I must make them for myself. I simply cannot do without them any more. It will be very lovely here when the grass is green and the fountain is playing, and, besides, people seldom come to this corner. I must not stay longer now," she added quickly, as a distant clock struck the hour, "today I am just humdrum Mary Melvin, late for her work in a dingy down-town office, but tomorrow — tomorrow the Lady Mary will visit her garden."

It was one noon five or six weeks later that the proprietor of the "dingy down-town office," having watched from the corner of his eye until Mary Melvin's slim figure disappeared down the corridor to the elevator, turned quickly in his swivel chair and addressed his assistant, a dressy youth who lounged indolently at a desk near by.

"I wonder what's got into Miss Melvin, George. Something has come over her the last few weeks. She doesn't talk any more than she ever did, but she seems brighter, has more animation, you know. Haven't you noticed it?"

"I've noticed she stays out to lunch twice as long as she used to," snapped the assistant crossly.

It was not agreeable for him to reflect upon the fact that Miss Melvin's prolonged absence at noon had deprived him of an extra half-hour which in the course of time he had come to consider his natural right.

"Perhaps she has a man on the string," the proprietor suggested sagely.

"She? O Lord, no!"

The vision of the dashing lady of his own choice, with her attendant graces of rustling gowns, flashing trinkets and elaborate ringlets, came swiftly into the assistant's mind and rendered the thought of interest in Miss Melvin absolutely absurd. The proprietor of the

dingy office, not having any such standard to judge by, however, was not convinced. "She's not a bad-looking girl," he said as he turned back to his work.

That day, on her way to the Garden, Mary Melvin stopped at a pastry cook's and purchased some seed cookies.

"For my doves," she said, laughing to herself as she crossed the Common. She did not blush at her own folly any more, as she had so often done in the first week of its indulgence. She rather took increasing delight in encouraging it. Her little dream domain, shut in by the sheltering wall of pretense with which she had surrounded it, had become so secure that its lack of actual barriers and its inability to exclude invaders no longer disturbed her. During the first few days she had had the place entirely to herself, and when the increasing warmth of the season brought more people to the Garden, a few of whom trespassed on the Lady Mary's enclosure, possession had become so established an idea that she considered in the light of gracious hospitality those who intruded upon her. Now as she went quickly down the familiar little path and took her accustomed seat on the green settee which, though it lacked its former shelter of evergreens, was yet in a measure protected and shaded by a great beech just behind it, her eyes lingered lovingly on the familiar surroundings.

"How lovely it is," she said to herself. "Last night's rain has made everything so fresh and sweet. Even here I can smell mignonette in that bed beyond the elm."

She drew a seed cookie out of the bag, and, crumbling it, threw it in bits to a sparrow that had hopped pertly toward her.

"Why, the kind-faced gentleman is here early," she went on as the rustle of a newspaper attracted her attention, "and there is the wistful little girl with the troublesome baby. I wonder what

has become of poor Patience; she has not been here for almost a week."

The Lady Mary crumbled another cookie, for on discovering the feast prepared, the pert little sparrow had cheeped frantically to his confreres and they had answered en masse to his call.

"That's all you can have; the rest are for the wistful little girl," the Lady Mary said at last, when the third cookie had been scattered. She folded her hands in her lap and with a delightful feeling of indolence watched the little flock, which was disposed to grow quarrelsome over her bounty.

A young man and a girl came slowly down the path beside which she sat and stopped to rest on a seat not far from her own. The Lady Mary glanced up at them, casually at first, then with increasing interest.

"Why, it's Patience," she said to herself, "though the name doesn't fit her in the least, now. She looks as though 'Felicity' would suit her better. I suppose that big fellow is her sweetheart."

As if to confirm her surmise, the sound of the girl's voice came to her clearly across the intervening space:

"I wanted you to come here, Jim, because I used to come here a lot when you were away. It's so nice and quiet. Oh my, but I did feel blue sometimes! You don't know how I missed you."

"Don't I know? well now, Matty, I rather guess I do," a manly voice broke in heartily. "If it hadn't been that I was sure it would mean such a fine thing for us, I guess I'd have been back a good long time before I did get away. But that's all past and we've a fine chance to forget it with the good luck that's come our way."

With a woman's curiosity, the Lady Mary was conjecturing in what the good luck might consist, but as the pair rose to go a few moments later another remark attracted her attention:

"That's the lady that I told you always comes here, Jim. She has a

real pleasant face, and I used to wonder if she had a beau, same as me, and came here to think about him."

The Lady Mary did not catch the man's reply, but she felt suddenly lonesome as she watched the two disappear out of sight beyond the trees. In some strange way the girl's happiness seemed to have absorbed into itself all the sunshine and beauty of the day.

"No, I have no beau, Patience," the Lady Mary said softly. "I have never had a beau in all my life."

She sat in silence for a long time after that, and not until it came time to go did a smile steal back to her lips again. "But I had never had a garden before," she said hesitatingly. "I don't see why I couldn't—" just then she caught the glance of the kind-faced gentleman and she went away without finishing her sentence.

It was a hot July day and the kind-faced gentleman was very warm indeed as he took his accustomed seat, and, removing his hat, patted the little bald spot on his head with his handkerchief. He spread his newspaper out across his knees as usual, and having found his glasses in his waistcoat pocket, adjusted them thoughtfully and read three headlines and half a column. At the end of the half-column, he dropped his paper to his knees again and looked critically over his glasses. It may have been the heat that confused him, but things did not look quite the same in the garden as they usually did. Surely the fountain and grass and trees were no different; perhaps it was that there were fewer people about, though there were never many. The little girl and the fussy baby were absent, but they often missed a day. What could have happened, though, to the young lady who, on a pleasant day, never failed to occupy the green settee on the further side of the fountain. She was a trig little woman, the kind-faced gentleman reflected, and had exceedingly nice eyes.

One windy day when his paper had blown away toward her seat, she had rescued it and restored it to him with such a pleasant smile as he came hurrying after it. It was strange she had not come today.

The kind-faced gentleman was becoming most unreasonably anxious when the sight of a blue-clad figure on the path suddenly relieved him. She came hurrying, in spite of the heat, and dropped breathless on the green settee, never noticing the loss of her handkerchief, which had fallen at the bend in the walk. The kind-faced gentleman viewed the bit of lawn doubtfully and then went over to pick it up. It was a plain little handkerchief with a tiny "M. M." embroidered in one corner.

"I hope her name is Mary," he was thinking most inconsequently, as he approached the green settee.

Her back was turned to him, and though there was no one else near, she seemed to be addressing someone.

"I am sorry I'm late, dearest. I couldn't seem to get away," she was saying softly. The kind-faced gentleman scuffed his foot warningly.

"I beg your pardon, I think you dropped this," he said as she looked up quickly.

The young lady's face flooded with color. "Oh, thank you," she breathed, taking the handkerchief and crushing it between her palms. In spite of the feeling of self-conscious embarrassment which evidently possessed her, she lifted her eyes defiantly to meet his, but the man's face betrayed no slightest trace of amusement. She hesitated, and then—

"You must think me queer to be talking this way to myself," she said; "indeed it is quite natural you should; but you see, I get rather lonely at times, and so I pretend,—it is very childish, of course,—I pretend that someone else is here."

The kind-faced gentleman gazed gravely down upon her.

"You are fortunate if you have discovered a plan to keep you from being lonesome," he answered. "I know by experience that it is the most dismal feeling in the world. I've been East two years now, and I'm not yet acclimated to the frigidity of a Boston boarding house."

He stopped abruptly and then went on: "I am John Barrett, with Gordon Carter & Co., but don't think I am trying to introduce myself. I want you to know that I shall not attempt to disturb you because we have spoken together."

Without giving an opportunity for reply, he turned quickly on his heel and went back to his seat beyond the fountain. He took up his paper again and with apparently absorbing interest read through the three headlines and the half-column. When he had done this for the eleventh time, he folded the paper carefully and, shoving it into his pocket, went away without another glance in the lady's direction.

The wistful little girl who cared for the troublesome baby found it very pleasant in the Garden on a certain noon in early Fall. She had rolled the baby's carriage back and forth before the bench on which she sat until his desperately wide-open eyes had veiled their china-blue depths; until his periodic whimper had been lost in a gentle, even breathing. These remarkable events having taken place, the little girl heaved a great sigh of relief. She must still keep the carriage moving if she wished to preserve the spell, but she was free to give her attention elsewhere. She wished she had brought along the beautiful fairy book that her sister had taken out of the public library for her, but such a thing as the baby's sleeping was a wholly unforeseen occurrence. She buttoned her little jacket more tightly about her, for there was a foretaste of the approaching cold in the air, and fell to watching the lady and gentleman who were slowly walking to and fro on the

path beside which she sat. They were a very nice lady and gentleman, as the little girl knew, for she had seen them often and often. For a long time they had not seemed to be acquainted at all, but after awhile they had nodded pleasantly and spoken to each other just as they did to her when they passed her. Then one day she had heard the gentleman ask the lady if she had noticed a strange plant over beyond the pond, and the lady had walked away with him to find it. After that they had frequently talked together and the child, who was a kindly little soul, thought it very fine to see them so friendly. She watched them admiringly as they passed and repassed before her now, fragments of their conversation reaching her from time to time. "It's growing almost too cold to visit the garden," the lady was saying, "and yet it has been so pleasant here I hate to go back to the old, lonesome way again."

The little girl wondered what the "old, lonesome way" was, but the gentleman evidently knew, for "I wish you never would," he answered. The lady drew in her breath quickly as he spoke, but he could not have seen her, for his eyes were fixed on the sand at his feet and he continued talking in a voice so low that the little girl could not hear as they moved away, though she caught his words as they turned and approached her once more:

"Perhaps it seems impossible to you that I should have come to care so much, but since it is true, since I know I could keep you from ever being lonesome again, would you be afraid to let me try—would you—" but here again the little girl lost the rest of his sentence, though she was most anxious to learn whether the lady was inclined to

let him do what he seemed so set on attempting. She earnestly hoped she would oblige him, for he was such a kind gentleman. The little girl recalled affectionately the bright pennies and the bags of candy that had often found their way into her lap. She felt sure that if the lady knew how good he was she would never refuse him anything. Perhaps if someone were to tell her about him,—the little girl was not by nature officious, but the memories of the pennies and the candy weighed on her grateful heart. She stopped rolling the baby's carriage and timidly approached the pair who were coming slowly in her direction. They were very serious appearing and so utterly oblivious of her presence that she dreaded to speak: but she mustered up sufficient courage to lay a small hand beseechingly on the lady's arm.

"Oh, would you mind,—would it be very hard to do what he wants you to? because he has been very nice to me and the baby and we wish you could."

Mary Melvin looked down in amazement at the little figure before her. Then after a moment, she stooped and gently kissed the wee, wistful face. "Why, yes, dear,—why, yes, I'm going to," she said.

It was just at that second that the baby, suddenly awakening from his nap and missing his faithful guardian, set up a piercing shriek of protest at her desertion. In a panic of concern the little girl flew to console him, but only by immediate and speedy departure from the scene of his fright could he be persuaded to become quiet once more. So the little girl never knew what happened when the Lady Mary said "yes" to the kind-faced gentleman in her garden.



MAY IN THE FLOWER GARDEN

By EVA RYMAN-GAILLARD

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

SO many things need doing this month that the one who is going to have a fine garden must hustle. Seeds will be sown in the open ground, seedlings transplanted, old pot-plants bedded out, and many other things done.

The very first requisite for success is a well prepared soil, and that means one deeply worked, finely pulverized and well enriched. Do not expect success if the soil is worked but two or three inches in depth and the roots compelled to force their way through hard-pan below that. The plant **MUST** be able to send its roots down into the soil easily and quickly if luxuriant foliage and perfect blossoms are to be secured.

Have the soil in the seed-beds as fine as possible and scatter the seed lightly over it. Use a salt or pepper shaker, and in case of very fine (dust-like) seeds, mix them thoroughly with fine sand. This makes it possible to distribute them more evenly and the seedling plants are more easily transplanted.

With ordinary plants do not try to separate the seedlings to single plants,

if doing so is going to loosen all the soil, but transplant in little clumps—two or three seedlings in each—and when growth is well established pinch off all but the strongest one. In case of very rare or costly seed try to save each plant, even though loosening the soil retards their growth somewhat.

Sometimes, after all possible care has been taken in preparing the soil and sowing the seed, a heavy rain will cause a crust to form over the surface, through which the tiny plants cannot break. To avoid this it is wise to scatter a light mulch over the seed bed—fine grass clippings; leaves, or anything which will offer no resistance to the plants. A heavy rain may wash transplanted seedlings loose from the soil, if not entirely out of it, and this, too, must be watched for and the damage at once repaired.

When bedding out old plants, cut the tops back rather closely, to force a branching habit of growth and secure compact, bushy plants which will produce many blossoms. The branches cut off may be easily rooted and fine,

new, free-blooming plants secured. Use them to make a cut-and-come-again bed in every nook and corner of the premises, where every blossom may be cut without thought of spoiling appearances. The more you cut of most flowers, the more you have.

Get plenty of vines started early. Don't leave an old fence, shed or stump without vines to make it beautiful, or at least less unsightly. If there is an unpleasant view in any direction get some posts set, stretch poultry netting between them and plant quick-growing vines of different kinds.

Every locality has its native vines, which under cultivation reach a condition of beauty that is surprising. There is almost no limit to the varieties to be had from the florists, some of them growing twenty-five feet or more from seed planted in the open ground in May. Lima beans are as "ornamental" as many of the vines classed as such, and there are other food-producing vines which may be made to serve as both useful and ornamental when there is not plenty of space for both classes.

As soon as the chrysanthemums are well sprouted take up the clumps of roots, pull them apart, and plant one sprout in a place, in very rich soil. This is the first step toward fine blooms and plenty of them next Fall.

Peonies will bloom during the month and every bloom should be cut off. If left on, the effort to produce seed will have a marked effect on the number and quality of the blooms produced next year.

Watch all vines and see that they have strong supports and are carefully trained as soon as the first runners start. If permitted to get twisted and matted together they must be left so, or prob-

ably be badly broken and set back in the attempt to straighten them.

Get the stock of insecticides ready for use and remember that it is easier to keep insects away than to drive them away after they get a foothold. Here, if anywhere, "eternal vigilance is the price of success" and the "ounce of prevention better than a pound of cure," for the enemy often comes with the very first leaves.

Getting fine seeds grown to the point where the plants are ready for the final transplanting means work and constant watchfulness, but cooperation makes it much easier—and vastly more interesting. Let each member of a group of friends grow enough of one or two kinds for all, and when ready for the final placing, divide them with the others.

Do not empty pots and put them away dirty, for the chances are that they will never get cleaned, and when cold weather comes plants will be hustled into them, with all their pores clogged with old dirt, and absolutely unfit for use. When all the plants are bedded out, put the empty pots in a tub of water; let soak a few hours; scrub with an old whisk-broom, and drain dry. It takes but a little time and the plants do enough better in them to pay for the trouble.

Appropriate a strong basket and fit it out with all the small tools needed in the garden; keep it where it can be picked up without "going after it" and many odd moments will be spent in the garden which would not be if the tools had to be brought together each time.

In the basket keep gloves, shears, trowels (including a steel pen for tiny seedlings) and a thin teaspoon for a second size, hammer, tacks, strings and such things as are needed in caring for the vines; a steel table-fork to use as

a spading-fork, and—well, anything and everything which can be made to answer a purpose.

Do not depend entirely on blossoms for the color scheme of the garden, but include as many plants having

colored or variegated foliage as is possible. The one who called coleus the gardener's paint-brush made no mistake, and even among vines, the introduction of a few having variegated foliage adds vastly to the effectiveness of the collection.

MUDDER'S BIRFDAY CAKE

By JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

Author of "The Story of Live Dolls"

TOLEDO, OHIO

"**H**ERE are the candles, Daddy," cried Helen, as she rushed into the pantry, her face beaming with joy.

Daddy welcomed her with delight and both surveyed the mammoth cake with the greatest satisfaction; and no wonder, for whoever saw such a cake? And what a time Annie had had to keep it a secret!

Daddy had asked her if she could possibly make a birthday cake and keep it from her mistress. He told her of the many efforts he had made, in that direction, year after year, until it had finally grown to be a joke in the family. He was really annoyed over the fact that she always found it out in some way.

"Now, Annie," he said earnestly, "if you think you can do it, all right. If not, I'll buy one, for I am determined to succeed this time!"

Annie tossed her head scornfully and cried: "Buy a cake! Sure 'twouldn't be fit for the dogs if ye did! Lave it to me, sir, and the mistress won't even sniff it!"

And here it was in all its white purity, and the mistress hadn't even had one whiff of its spicy odor!

And it was a work of art, indeed! Her name, "Violet," was written in lavender candies on the snowy surface

and the intervening spaces were filled with artistic and intricate patterns of scroll work. In the center was to be a nodding bunch of the beautiful flowers for which she was named, filling the air with their sweet perfume.

And now came the crowning delight of placing the candles, and as this final performance was achieved, Helen gleefully danced about, but was admonished by Daddy, who said softly, "Be quiet, dear, you might disturb Mother's nap, and Harvey may hear and he would tell and spoil it all."

As they stood off to admire the result, they were suddenly startled by a clear, sweet, baby voice exclaiming in tones of suppressed delight: "Makin' a birfday cake for Mudder, Daddy?"

Both turned with a gesture of despair to behold little Harvey's sweet, shining face peering up at them.

"Ain't it -retty!" he cried, "and won't she be glad! Hold me up, Daddy, so I can see it gooder."

Daddy held him up and let him admire it to his heart's content.

"Light the candles, won't you, Daddy; I want to see how it'll look, it's so pretty," he pleaded.

"No, darling, not now; Mudder might smell the smoke, and this is a secret. Now listen, Harvey, while I tell you

about it. You know this is Mudder's birthday, don't you?"

"Course I do! Didn't I wake her up kissing her thirty-two times this morning? I even knew it yesterday, 'at it was goin' to be today!"

"Well, dear, Papa and Helen wanted to s'prise her with this cake; and when she was out calling, Annie made it and frosted it, and put all these pretty candies on it, and Helen went to the store and bought the candles, and Mudder don't even know it yet, and here it is already, and we must be sure not to tell her."

"Course not, Daddy; Sister, don't you tell Mudder 'bout the cake, coz it's a secret," he said severely to Helen.

"No, darling, Sister won't tell."

"That's a good girl," he said patronizingly. "Daddy, you won't happen to tell, will you?"

"No, Daddy wouldn't tell for the world."

"Let me down, Daddy, and I'll run and tell Annie not to tell, and then that's all," and he tried to wriggle out of Daddy's arms.

Daddy held him fast and said earnestly, "No, I told Annie and she promised, and now Harvey, you won't tell, will you?"

"Oh, no, course I won't tell," he said emphatically. "I wouldn't tell her for nothin'. Why, Daddy, it would just spoil it all if I told."

"That's Daddy's good boy! And now kiss me goodbye, and when I come home we'll all sit down to dinner and eat our nice roast beef and 'tato, and then Annie will bring in the ice cream and the cake with the candles all blazing like a Christmas tree, and won't Mudder be happy and surprised, and won't she be proud of her big boy 'cause he knew it all the time and didn't tell."

"Won't she though," echoed Harvey, clapping his little hands as he thought of the joyful surprise in store for his beloved mother and of her pride in such a remarkable boy.

"Goodbye, Daddy; don't be afraid, I won't tell."

As Daddy hurried down the steps the door opened softly and this sweet message floated after him:

"Daddy, hadn't you better buy Mudder a box of candy?"

He nodded and shook a warning finger at the boy as he passed down the street, satisfied that he had made the child understand the importance of keeping the secret. He was such a trusty little fellow, he said to himself thoughtfully, no danger of his telling.

At six p. m. he hastened joyfully up the steps, opened the door and heard the usual heavenly greeting: "Daddy's come, Mudder!" And then his beloved boy was in his arms, with his little soft face pressed close to his own, and his yellow curls brushing his cheek.

"Where's Mudder, dear?" Daddy whispered.

"She's putting on her pretty blue dress we like so well and you just ought to see her," he prattled in silvery tones. "She's goin' to wear the new hankercher you gave her, and she has a new bow in her hair. She looks awful sweet!"

"Of course she does, and you didn't tell her our nice little secret, did you, dear?" he asked anxiously.

The boy looked proudly into his face, his beautiful eyes so clear and bright illuminating his whole countenance as he realized the supreme joy that was about to thrill his father's heart, and cried in triumphant tones, "I only told her once, Daddy—did you bring the candy?"

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, you can either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return unavailable offerings.



"AM I HUNGRY? WELL! WELL!"

Photograph by Mandeville, Lowville, New York

KEROSENE AS A HOME REMEDY

By MRS. J. H. SMITH
Houston, Texas

TOOTHACHE—Cotton saturated with kerosene and placed in the tooth, often affords immediate relief.

CROUP—Kerosene has been used in croup with success. It may be taken internally and applied externally.

BURNS—Cloths saturated with kerosene and applied to burns exclude the air and bring desired relief from pain.

CLEANSING THE SCALP—A little kerosene introduced into glycerine constitutes an ointment that will speedily remove dandruff and contribute to a clean and healthy scalp.

MIXING COOKING MATERIALS

By A. C. E.
Ludlow, Vermont

Get everything needed ready first: pans for cooking, drippings to grease them; measure sugar and put into a bowl; if spices are to be used measure those and mix into sugar; break the eggs ready for beating; if raisins are needed pick them over, measure, and cover with hot water.

See to the fire, wash your hands and begin by putting a sieve over a large bowl; measure the flour into sieve; into flour put baking-powder or soda, and sift through together, dry, even if your recipe says to dissolve soda in hot water, milk or molasses. After sifting, mix the dry flour thoroughly with your hands. Then rub into flour the quantity of shortening needed, whether butter, lard or drippings. Rub till the mixture seems like coarse meal, always with your hands. Now add sugar, salt and spices, and mix quickly. Next, grease the pans and wash your hands, as the rest of the mixing is done with a spoon. Turn off the water from the raisins and dredge with flour. Beat the eggs and add to mixture in bowl, next the milk, rinsing with it the bowl in which the eggs were beaten, then put in molasses if that is used. Beat all together with spoon very hard for two or three minutes, and lastly, add the floured raisins.

Every recipe can be put together this way, whether for biscuits, gingerbread, or cake, and for the latter especially, it is a great saving of time.

A HOME WATER PLANT

By MRS. L. H. WHITSON
Harrington, Tennessee

A young machinist, wishing to have modern bath conveniences in his new cottage which was too far out to be reached by the city waterworks, accomplished his purpose in this way:

An ordinary, large range tank and force pump were placed in the cellar, the latter attached to wall with pipe leading out to large cistern in the yard. The tank has small air gauge at bottom to denote the pressure at all times, and a check valve at side to which a large bicycle pump is attached when more air is needed in the tank. Also fitted with the necessary piping leading up to the bathroom and the kitchen sink.

Thus the compressed air in the top of the tank becomes the required force for sending the water above.

A large bath water-heater, fitted with gasolene burner, is fastened to the wall in bathroom over the tub, thus economizing space and solving the problem of having hot water at very slight expense, and on a few minutes notice.

The tank being placed on end, drain pipe put in the corner, and pump on the wall, all complete, takes up but very little space in the cellar. By pumping up to a good pressure, (say 60 or 80 pounds, which takes about five minutes), twice a week, the water flows as freely as could be desired; gushing forth from the faucets as though pumped by an engine at the motor house.

WASHING BLANKETS

By JOSEPHINE WETHERLY
Emporia, Kansas

No blanket should be put away after a Winter's use without either a thorough airing, if it has been little used, or a good washing if much used. If carefully washed, blankets or in fact any woolen clothes, will not shrink a particle. Choose a day when the sun is not too hot and there is a good breeze blowing, so that the articles will dry all in one day. Make a good suds of hot, soft water, Ivory or castile soap, and borax in the proportion of one teaspoonful to every gallon of water. Shake the blankets well to remove all loose fuzz and then soak in the hot suds for about fifteen minutes; then press the blanket against the sides of the tub and squeeze and press well with the hands. Never rub on a washboard or use soap directly upon the article.

The first water must be well squeezed out, not twisted, hence a wringer is better than the hands. Rinse carefully in one or even two waters as hot as the first but containing no soap. A little borax is allowable, however. Again run carefully through a wringer and pull corners well into place and hang where the air will blow directly through it. When about half dry, pat the water out of the lower edge, take down and rehang with the lower side up this time.

Another cleansing way is to use ammonia in the hot water instead of white soap and borax; in other respects the process is the same.

Do not hang blankets out of doors in freezing weather. Dry upon clothes-bars about a stove or over a furnace. And do not try to wash blankets when you are doing the general washing. They are enough in the wash for any woman.

To my thinking no woolens should be ironed but simply pulled and patted into shape.

Blankets, when not in use, should be neatly folded and placed between sheets of soft paper in chests, trunks or upon shelves with bags of camphor to keep out the moths. Refold in new creases two or three times during the year, and air frequently.

A SOAP SECRET

By MRS. C. W. TILDEN
Los Angeles, California

My soaps, both kitchen and toilet, last me twice as long as they do most folks and this is the secret of it: I buy a half dozen cakes at a time and dry them thoroughly in the sun for a week or so, turning them occasionally. Then I lay them away in a good dry place and behold! when used, they shed lather satisfactorily but will not wash away like "green" soap.

A LITTLE GIRL'S HELP

By ESTA GRIFFIN
Creston, Iowa

If you will put a tack in the end of your broom and tie a string on that and hang it up so it will not touch the floor, it will not wear out so quickly.

CLEANING WALL-PAPER

By MRS. M. J. WOOD
Mobile, Alabama

Take the inside of a two-pound loaf or rye bread two-thirds done, add two ounces of naphtha and a tablespoonful of salt, knead together until it becomes a dough, then apply to wall paper.

THE FAIRY COOKER

By H. B. W.
Los Gatos, California

Two pails are needed—one a deep wooden pail, (a 25-cent candy pail is good) and a three or four-quart granite ware pail with a tight-fitting cover. Pack excelsior tightly in the bottom and around the inside of the wooden pail, making a nest for the granite pail. A variety of articles, such as oatmeal, rice, macaroni, tomatoes, soup, etc., can be cooked to perfection in the Cooker if they are cooked five or six minutes over the fire in the granite pail and placed at once (while boiling hot and tightly covered) in the excelsior nest in the wooden pail, and the tops of both pails covered with heavy cloths to keep the heat in. Oatmeal boiled a few minutes in the evening and left over night in the Cooker comes out in the morning like blanc-mange ready for breakfast. Macaroni, rice, tomatoes or soup, cooked on the stove a few minutes after breakfast and placed in the Cooker will be found ready for the noon dinner. Meat can also be cooked in this way but may need a second heating after a few hours and returning to the Cooker. No housekeeper who has once tried the Fairy Cooker will wish to part with it for it saves fuel, needs no watching and cooks to perfection.

SYRUP FOR SWEET PICKLES

By MRS. A. H. PRICE
Rural Retreat, Virginia

To seven and one-half pounds fruit, three and one-half pounds sugar and one pint vinegar add cloves, spice, cinnamon (stick) and mace to suit taste. Boil until it makes a thick syrup, then add the fruit and cook until tender. This is nice for peaches, pears, cherries and Damson plums.

SLIPS FROM TEA ROSES

By A. S. ROYER
Bentonville, Arkansas

Slips from Tea Roses can be easily started. Plant deep and place a glass jar over them; leave them remain so for three months, when they will be nicely rooted and can be transplanted.

A CHEAP FLAVORING

By MRS. D. W. LEARY
Mattoax, Virginia

A spray of green peach-tree leaves, dropped into a kettle of milk, when it is put on the stove, and allowed to stay until the milk comes to a boil, imparts a most delicate pistachio flavor. This is a war-time expedient, used by a Virginia house-keeper, which is even now found very convenient, when the vanilla bottle is empty, and there is no opportunity to go to a drug-store.

AN IMPROVED SINK PUMP

By A. H. PERKINS
Providence, Rhode Island

When the sink becomes clogged, I simply let some water run in it, until about two or three inches deep, then lay the palm of my hand flat over the drain hole and force the water out by working my hand up and down, quickly. The pressure forces all obstructions through the drain pipe. Then pour boiling water through to melt all grease. The above advice was given by a plumber, and has proved good.

TO CLEAN A WATCH

By **JESSE HATFIELD**
Seattle, Washington

Take the works out of the case. Allow them to lie completely submerged in benzine from eight to twelve hours. If possible, start the watch going; the action of the wheels will work the dirt out. After removing the works allow the benzine to evaporate before placing them in the case. This is harmless to the most delicate works. I have cleaned my own many times.

CLEANS PAN BOTTOMS

By **M. B. M.**
Springfield, Missouri

To remove black from the bottoms of kettles, pans, etc., apply common soda with a damp cloth. It will instantly clean them and keep them as bright as new.

KENTUCKY CORN PONE

By **POLLY ROMINE**
Latonia, Kentucky

Sift one quart meal. Salt to taste, pour over meal boiling water, enough to make a stiff dough, stirring all the time. Dip hands in dish of cold water and mould dough in pones. Bake in greased bread pan, in hot oven, till well browned.

MUD STAINS ON BLACK

By **MRS. E. N. COOPER**
Billings, Montana

To clean mud stains from black dress goods rub with a slice of raw potato.

THE BOY'S RUBBER BOOTS

By **HATTIE C. MOFFITT**
Battle Creek, Michigan

When the small boy comes in with his rubber boots full of snow or other dampness, stuff them with old newspapers and leave several hours. The papers will absorb all the dampness, leaving the boots perfectly dry.

A BATCH OF LITTLE HELPS

By **MRS. B. L.**
Brooklyn, New York

Borax and water will brighten oilcloth. Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons clean and smooth.

A little soda added to boiling vegetables will hasten their cooking and add to their tenderness.

When you wish to beat eggs quickly add a pinch of salt.

A good cleaner for gold or silver jewelry is a teaspoonful of ammonia in a cupful of water.

By adding a few drops of vinegar to the water when poaching eggs they will set more quickly and perfectly.

A little salad oil gradually added when mixing mustard for the table is a great improvement.

A cloth dipped in the white of an egg will brighten leather chairs and bindings.

A small piece of charcoal in a pot of boiling cabbage absorbs the odor.

A strong solution of nitric acid in an ounce of soft water will whiten piano keys.

OILING THE CLOCK

By **M. C. A.**
Boonville, Missouri

When the clock begins to lose time or rebel at doing its work it needs a lubricator. Put a little coal oil in a small vessel, set it inside the clock and close the door. As the oil evaporates it will moisten the machinery and overcome the trouble.

A small clock may be laid over a saucer or plate containing a little oil and enclosed in a tin bucket.

GIFT FOR A BRIDE

By **ESTELLA C. SAECKER**
Lake Mills, Wisconsin

If you are wondering what you can give that dear friend of yours who is to be married soon, that will really be of use to her, try this: Gather together your best recipes for making all kinds of good things to eat. Be sure to choose only those which you, yourself, have tested. Buy a well bound blank book and copy these recipes as neatly as possible. It is best to group them, as in any recipe book. If you like, paint or sketch the word 'Recipes' on the cover. This little book will always prove an acceptable gift to a housekeeper, young or old.

MENDING CRACKS IN STOVES

By **G. C.**
Warren, Maine

Use two parts good wood ashes and one part salt; moisten with water enough to make a thick batter and apply quickly.

FOR SHOE NEATNESS

By **MRS. E. F. NUTTING**
Groton, Massachusetts

My laced boots and shoes never looked neat because the tongue was continually slipping to one side. The idea came to me to cut two slits about a quarter of an inch long and nearly a quarter of an inch apart in the end of the tongue close to the top eyelet (on either side) so the shoelace can be run through it before passing into the top eyelet. Now my shoe tongues are always in place. My friends who have tried this method are warm in praise of it.

TO CAN WINTER VEGETABLES

By **MRS. R. I. CREELMAN**
Georgetown, Ontario

Prepare the corn, peas, or beans the same as in cooking for the table. Cover them with cold water and let them boil five minutes. Pour them in a colander to drain then fill your jars, packing them tightly. Fill the jars with boiling water to every cupful of which a teaspoonful of salt has been added. Seal the jars tightly and steam four hours. This recipe never fails if correctly followed.

KEEPS CIDER SWEET

By **CORA M. FETTER**
Walden, New York

One cupful of whole mustard seed thrown into a barrel of sweet cider will preserve the sweetness of the cider.

COPPERAS FOR PLANTS

By J. G.
Catskill, New York

Some time ago I read the statement that copperas would make plants bloom in profusion. I asked a florist about it and he told me that copperas is a powerful fertilizer but that it ultimately poisons the earth, and so must be used carefully. It is possible that the potted plants which we sometimes buy and which never look the same afterwards have been forced in this way.

MAPLE SUGAR FROSTING

By MRS. R. H. HAZELTON
Lebanon, New Hampshire

The most delicious frosting you ever ate is made by boiling maple sugar till it forms a soft ball in water; turn it slowly on a well-beaten white of an egg and beat till cool.

A DOUGHNUT HINT

By M. C. B.
Cumberland, Nova Scotia

When making doughnuts of sour cream or butter-milk put in enough soda to neutralize the acid in the milk; then to each quart of flour put in one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and see how fluffy your doughnuts will be.

SEASONING VEGETABLES

By MISS MARTHA E. HACKLEY
Stanford, Kentucky

In the southern country kitchen it is the custom usually to "season" the pot of cabbage, string beans, turnip greens, or parsnips, by cooking a generous slice of fat pork (jowl or side meat) with them. The vegetables are "seasoned" all right by this method, but unfortunately they impart their own taste to the meat, and this is not relished by many. Cook the meat in one pot and the vegetables in another. When the meat is about done, pour off its grease and juices, add them to the vegetable pot and cook the vegetable a few minutes longer. It will be as well seasoned as though the meat were cooked with it, and the meat will not be disagreeably flavored. In addition several kinds of vegetables may be seasoned with the one piece of meat, by dividing the juices and grease.

PAPERING OVER WHITEWASH

By M. S. H.
Saratoga Springs, New York

When wishing to paint or paper a wall that has been whitewashed, the wall should be first washed with hot vinegar. Then apply a coat of thin glue with a broad paint brush. After this dries, the wall may be either papered or painted.

FOR CATARRHAL COLDS

By HELEN TUCKER LORD
Readfield, Maine

Dissolve one teaspoonful of powdered borax, one teaspoonful of saleratus and one teaspoonful of pure glycerine in one pint of tepid water, and inhale every ten minutes until relieved. This is a positive and speedy remedy for catarrhal colds.

THE AIR OF A SICK-ROOM

By MRS. MARION I. MORIN
North Brookfield, Massachusetts

A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of a room almost instantly from cooking odors; the effect is especially refreshing in a sick-room.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MRS. N. B. T.
Brewer, Maine

In cutting a waist lining lay the pattern across the cloth (not on bias) and it will not stretch as when cut lengthwise of the goods.

FOR WHOOPING COUGH

By M. FULCOMER
Blue Springs, Nebraska

Chestnut leaves steeped in a porcelain dish or bowl, are a sure specific for whooping cough, breaking it up quickly. Children like to drink it—so pleasant. One man said it cured him of quick consumption.

BREAKFAST FOODS

By H. L. WEBBER
Wenona, Illinois

Cook Cream of Wheat, or any similar wheat food, in a steam cooker as the directions on box cover state, then put in dishes and while the food is still hot place a piece of butter the size of a walnut in each dish, and sugar; now stir the butter and sugar well in the food and serve. (You may cream if you wish but it is not necessary.) I find this a great improvement in wheat food.

WASHING BLANKETS

By MRS. S. B. MESSENGER
San Antonio, Texas

For one pair of blankets dissolve one-half bar of soap; when thoroughly melted add one tablespoon of borax and two of ammonia. Add the mixture to a sufficient quantity of water (already softened with one tablespoon of borax) to cover two blankets. Let the blankets remain in the suds one hour without rubbing, rinse thoroughly and hang up without wringing; this prevents harshness and shrinking.

ESSENTIAL OILS

By G. M.
Waverly, Iowa

The oils from which perfumes and toilet waters are made may be easily made at home by taking two table-spoonsful of pure glycerine and placing the fragrant part of the plant, whether it be blossom, leaf or stem, in it. Put in only as much as the oil will well cover, set it on the back part of the range or where it will keep quite warm, and stir and press it often for twenty-four hours then press out the parts and put in fresh ones and treat in the same way for twenty-four hours longer, and repeat the process twice more, when you should have a very strong oil of whatever plant you have used. This oil is used exactly as the expensive oils you buy are used in making all toilet waters and perfumes. It never gets rancid and is so inexpensive that any one may have all they want of it.

A CORRECTION * By Edwin Markham

Westerleigh, Staten Island, N.Y.
April 14, 1905

Dear Frank Petrus:

The March "National" contains
my "Post-Love" with a kindly editorial
comment. May I speak of a peculiar
blunder? One of the last couplets
should run,

"The Golden Heaven or the Pit —
He shakes the music out of it."

Your attentive typesetter prints the couplet
after this fashion,

"The Godless Heaven or the Pit —
And shakes the music out of it."

Pray make on the skull of him a
long straight fissure that will re-
veal to him at once the import
of words and the existence of God!

Good wishes for you and for
the Magazine!

Edwin Markham

NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

THIRTY-SEVEN

WELL, we certainly have had a busy and an interesting month in this little old world of ours since the last writing. It seems to me that life grows more interesting with every month that passes. Thirty-seven is a most agreeable age, when you come to think of it: the fevers of youth safely concluded and the blood restored to vigorous normal activity; the brain swept clear of many obscuring and troublesome illusions and delusions; the bodily frame settled down into clean, firm muscularity; the eyes not yet altogether unable to make out the color of a wild bird or the curve of a pretty ankle; the palate still capable of distinguishing pleasurably between sauerkraut and clover honey; the hearing unimpaired by east winds; the hands able as ever to give and take comfort in the hearty grip of friendship,—all these desirable conditions accruing to oneself, and then, in one's environment, a corresponding degree of health and felicity gained and held by one's nearest and dearest—I tell you it makes one feel that whatever losses have gone before or may come later, Thirty-seven is a year to be marked with a red letter.

HAPPINESS

I have been trying to figure out a general condition of happiness, and I reach the conclusion that it consists mainly in the ability to march with one's own generation, neither deplor-

ing the progress the generation makes, nor grumbling because it doesn't make more. We can understand best the men and women of our own age, or near it. Dr. Osler spoke truth when he said that most men cease to be receptive to new ideas after forty; hence our elders in the fifties and sixties and seventies, say, who have ably guided the affairs of the world during the decades immediately ahead of us, will often seem to us to move less rapidly than we think they should, toward new industrial conditions. And the generation immediately behind us—the restless chaps in their twenties, are putting more pressure upon us from the rear than we are able to believe is wholly justified.

YOUNG MEN

In industry as in war the revolutions are wrought, the great battles fought, by the young men. Scores of thousands of the soldiers in the northern armies during the Civil war were less than twenty years of age when they entered the service. It is safe to say that a majority of the voters who supported Judge Dunne in Chicago last month—(when that city elected him mayor with a mandate to take over the street railways and operate them for the public benefit)—were under thirty years of age.

THE WICKEDNESS OF AGE

I used to believe there was some

special brand of wickedness in the gray-bearded fellows who owned and operated the banks, the great newspapers, the public service corporations, etc.,—a sublimated greediness no taint of which polluted the pure minds of the rest of us who did not own any banks, or newspapers, or railways; something in them that made them stubbornly and even hatefully unwilling to stand aside and let social progress continue in the larger interest of all the people. The wickedness of these old fellows, as I now see, was nothing worse than that "being sot in one's way" which pretty certainly comes to all of us with advancing years. How can they doubt, having reached prosperity with gray hairs, that the system by which they prospered—and prosper—is the best system human brains can devise? They cannot. But younger men, figuring from new viewpoints, and including in their calculations powers released by new inventions and discoveries of the human mind, new revelations of human sympathy responding to the cry of human need,—these young men determine and announce that the system by which the living graybeards prospered will not serve the generations following them. New conditions demand new social codes to meet and solve them.

A FORECAST

As a case in point, I should say that the Chicago election, with its **PRACTICALLY UNANIMOUS VOTE FOR PUBLIC OWNERSHIP**—(you remember that Harlan also pledged himself to it "at the earliest practicable day," and that the socialist nominee received over 20,000 votes)—and its 25,000 plurality for **IMMEDIATE** public ownership, is sure proof that the younger voters of the great cities, at least, have decided upon a public industrial partnership along the same lines as our public political

partnership that has endured since the foundation of the federal constitution. I believe that, given opportunity, every great city in America would vote for public ownership of its public utilities. New York will do it within five years. Philadelphia, "corrupt and contented," may lag behind the others. Boston, with far and away the best street car service in any of the big Eastern cities, will vote for public ownership at the first opportunity. The Hub will try first for public ownership of gas, in respect to which her consumers have long suffered heavy over-charges.

IN SMALL CITIES, TOO

Nor is the spirit of the new generation manifest only in the large cities. Waterloo, Iowa, with eighteen to twenty thousand inhabitants, all well-to-do; seat of one hundred and twenty factories; always hitherto solidly republican, or nearly so, gave one-third of her total vote in the latest local election to the socialist nominees. All the socialism they reckon on is public ownership of public utilities—indeed, no other feature of socialism is likely to make much headway in this country in our lifetime.

PROGRESS

No use for the older men to get angry about it: they have had their day: we fellows in the middle group will have our day, only in turn to be relegated to the shelf by our sons behind us.

I am glad of it all. We no longer burn our social pioneers at the stake, and we persecute them with less of intolerant meanness in every succeeding generation. Who knows but that sometime we may get sense enough to honor our benefactors while they still live?